

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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MAY 1901.

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*IN MEMORIAM.*

GEORGE M. SMITH.

BUT a short time ago Mr. George Smith was interesting readers of this Magazine by drawing upon the stores of a memory familiar with our literary history for the last sixty years. Mr. Smith had known the later survivors of the first generation of the nineteenth century, and was still actively interested in literary enterprise as the century closed. He had won the cordial goodwill of innumerable authors besides publishing many of their best known works. His death (6th April) puts an end to his own narrative, which might have revealed more fully than is now possible the secret of a most honourable and in some respects unique career. Enough, however, is known to justify the strong impression made upon his contemporaries. Here I can only attempt the briefest indication of what appeared to me to be the obvious qualities to which he owed not only success in business but a most enduring hold upon the hearts of many friends.

I remember vividly my first interview with him. He was then about to start the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and enlisted me as a contributor. I felt as I suppose a sailor must feel when he joins a ship and sees a captain beaming with cheery hopefulness and masculine self-reliance. Obviously Smith was putting his whole heart into the enterprise, and though sanguine was cool-headed and had fully counted the cost. A good commander must, I take it, be in the first place a good man of business; and, conversely, Smith's faculty for business would have gone a long way to the making of a leader

in war. His battles had to be fought in the law courts, not in the field; but, as he has shown in his recent papers, he thoroughly enjoyed such fighting as he could get. He liked the excitement of the struggle as well as the triumph over impostors. In early days he had shown that he possessed the necessary combination of sagacity and daring by taking charge of his father's business, extricating it from difficulty, and extending its sphere of action. He was thoroughly at home in organising and launching any new undertaking. When, in the sixth number of this Magazine, Thackeray boasted pleasantly of some 'late great victories,' Smith had been the Carnot who had been making the necessary arrangement behind the scenes. The CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and the 'Pall Mall Gazette' after it, were new departures in their respective spheres; and the impression made by each is a sufficient proof of the forethought and unsparing energy which Smith brought to bear upon those undertakings. He showed the same spirit in many other directions. When once a business had been launched and passed into a comparatively humdrum stage of existence, he began to thirst for some new field of enterprise. On one side, of course, these undertakings might be regarded simply from the financial point of view. A man, as Johnson wisely remarks, can seldom be employed more innocently than in making money; and Smith, as a man of business, might claim the benefit of that dictum. But he would not have had positive claims upon public gratitude if he had not combined this with loftier aims. Though he had been immersed in business from very early youth, he took from the first a genuine pride in his association with the upper world of literature.

Both the CORNHILL and the 'Pall Mall Gazette' brought him into connexion with the ablest writers of the time, and provided for many of them an opportunity of gaining a wide audience. The most conspicuous proof, however, of a disinterested love of culture was given by the Dictionary of National Biography. The first suggestion was entirely due to Smith himself; although his original plan (for a universal biographical dictionary) was too magnificent to be carried out. His part in the work was also the essential one. There would have been no difficulty in finding editors by the dozen; but if Smith had not been ready to incur a vast expenditure, and to take for remuneration only the credit of a good piece of work, another publisher could hardly have been found to take his place. Smith had shown that he could be a lavishly generous publisher in his dealings with Thackeray and George Eliot. In

such cases, though a mean nature does not see it, generosity may also be the best policy; but in the case of the Dictionary, the generosity was its own reward.

It was a pleasure to work with a man so much above petty considerations and so appreciative (sometimes, perhaps, beyond their merits) of men whose abilities lay in a less practical direction. The pleasure was the greater for another reason. Smith had the true chivalrous sentiment which makes thorough co-operation possible. He made me aware that he trusted me implicitly, that I could trust him equally. If anything went wrong—as things will go wrong sometimes with the most well-meaning editors—he was always ready to admit that it was the fault not of the editor but of the general perversity of things. Least of all would he ever seek to ignore his own share in any shortcoming. I sometimes thought that he carried his scrupulosity to excess. He was so anxious to show confidence and to avoid an irritating fault-finding that he would not interfere, even when a word of counsel might have done good. He was the last of men to say, ‘I told you so.’ A writer who had got into a serious scrape by an indiscreet publication, said to him, ‘Why did you not warn me?’ He would not justify himself by producing (as he could have done) a copy of the letter in which the warning had been emphatically given. That was one instance of a delicacy of feeling which was the more striking because combined with thorough straightforwardness and contempt for petty diplomacy. He could be irascible when he had to do with a knave, and could fight strenuously as well as fairly against an honourable opponent. But in all his dealings he was chivalrous to the backbone, equally incapable of striking an enemy a foul blow or of leaving a friend in the lurch.

It was not strange that such a man should win something more than sincere respect from his associates. Miss Brontë drew his portrait as he appeared to her in his early days in the Dr. John of ‘Villette,’ the gallant English gentleman, contemner of foppery and humbug, the ready champion of the weak, full of generous sympathy and the most sound-hearted affections. Soon afterwards he became the warm friend of Thackeray; his kindness had an opportunity in shielding an exquisitely sensitive nature from the worries of business, and there developed the warmest mutual regard. Thackeray would have been gratified but not surprised could it have been revealed to him that after

his death his daughters would find in Smith the most helpful and affectionate of friends and advisers. The relation between Smith and one of those daughters has continued ever since ; and she, as I well know, has valued it not only as in itself one of her best possessions, but as having been in old days a possession held in common with those who were dearest to her. Browning, whose insight was as keen as his nature was tender, became a most attached friend and spoke of their mutual confidence in his last hours. When Millais could no longer speak, he wrote that he should like to see 'George Smith, the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with.' Matthew Arnold and Smith delighted in each other, and Tom Hughes, most hearty and simple of men, found in Smith one of his most congenial friends. The men thus mentioned differed widely from each other, but all of them knew well what are the characteristics which give the best groundwork for solid and lasting friendship.

Smith impressed one first as a thorough man—masculine, unaffected, and fitted to fight his way through the world ; but it was not long before one learnt to recognise the true and tender nature that went with the strength. It would be superfluous to speak of my own experience by way of confirming the judgments of which I speak. Yet I must say a word of personal gratitude. For many years I was constantly at Waterloo Place, seeing Smith and our common friend James Payn. I had had the good luck to serve as the link to bring them together ; and they cordially appreciated each other. From those meetings I rarely came away without a charming—though often scandalously irrelevant—talk with one or other, and to me, as to Payn, Smith was always the gallant comrade, certain to take a bright view and to set one on better terms with oneself. I never had a word from him which left a sting ; and many a fit of gloom has been dispelled by his hearty sympathy. He was a friend to be relied upon in any trouble ; but, trouble or none, his sympathy was one of the permanent elements that spoke good cheer and courage in the dark moments of life. To me, as to many friends, the loss is a heavy one ; the world will be to me darker and colder. I cannot even speak of those nearer to him ; or I can only intimate the conviction that the necessary silence makes it impossible to do justice to his real beauty of character.

LESLIE STEPHEN.



## SHAKESPEARE AND PATRIOTISM.

BY SIDNEY LEE.

His noble negligences teach  
What others' toils despair to reach.

PATRIOTISM is a natural instinct closely allied to the domestic affections. Its normal activity is as essential as theirs to the health of society. But, in a greater degree than other instincts, the patriotic instinct works with perilous irregularity unless it be controlled by the moral sense and the intellect.

Every student of history and politics is aware how readily the patriotic instinct, if uncontrolled by morality and reason, comes into conflict with both. Freed of moral restraint it is prone to engender a peculiarly noxious brand of spurious sentiment—a patriotism of false pretence. The bombastic masquerade of the genuine sentiment, which is not uncommon among place-hunters in Parliament and popularity-hunters in constituencies, brings the honest instinct into disrepute. Dr. Johnson was thinking solely of the frauds and moral degradation which have been sheltered by self-seekers under the name of patriotism when he none too pleasantly remarked, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.'

The Doctor's epigram hardly deserves its fame. It embodies a very meagre fraction of the truth. While it ignores the beneficent effects of the patriotic instinct, it does not exhaust its evil possibilities. It is not only the moral obliquity of place-hunters or popularity-hunters that can fix on patriotism the stigma of offence. Its healthy development depends on intellectual as well as on moral guidance. When the patriotic instinct, however honestly it be cherished, is freed of intellectual restraint, it works even more mischief than when it is deliberately counterfeited. Among the empty-headed it very easily degenerates into an over-assertive, a swollen selfishness, which ignores or defies the just rights and feelings of those who do not chance to be their fellow-countrymen. No one needs to be reminded how much wrongdoing and cruelty have been encouraged by perfectly honest patriots who lack 'intellectual armour.' Dr. Johnson ought to have remembered that the blockhead seeks the shelter of patriotism with almost worse result to the body politic than the scoundrel.

On the other hand, morality and reason alike resent the defect of patriotism as stoutly as its immoral or unintellectual excess. A total lack of the instinct implies an abnormal development of moral sentiment or intellect which must be left to the tender mercies of the mental pathologist. The man who is the friend of every country but his own can only be accounted for scientifically as the victim of an aberration of mind or heart. Ostentatious disclaimers of the patriotic sentiment deserve as little sympathy as the false pretenders to an exaggerated share of it. A great statesman is responsible for an apophthegm on that aspect of the topic which always deserves to be quoted in the same breath as Dr. Johnson's too familiar half-truth. When Sir Francis Burdett, the Radical leader in the early days of the last century, avowed scorn for the normal instinct of patriotism, Lord John Russell, the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, sagely retorted, 'The honourable member talks of the cant of patriotism; but there is something worse than the *cant* of patriotism, and that is the *recant* of patriotism.'<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone declared Lord John's repartee to be the best that he ever heard.

It may be profitable to consider how patriotism, which is singularly liable to distortion and perversion, presented itself to the mind of the greatest and clearest-headed student of human thought and sentiment, Shakespeare.

In Shakespeare's universal survey of human nature it was impossible that he should leave patriotism and the patriotic instinct out of account; it was, in fact, impossible that any commanding aspect of either should escape his attention. In his rôle of dramatist he naturally dealt with the topic incidentally or disconnectedly rather than by way of definite exposition; but in the result his treatment will be found to be probably more exhaustive than that of any other English writer. The Shakespearean drama is peculiarly fertile in illustration of the virtuous or beneficent working of the patriotic instinct; but it does not neglect the malevolent or morbid symptoms incident to its exorbitant or defective growth, nor is it wanting in suggestions as to how its healthy development may be best ensured. Part of Shakespeare's message on the subject is so well known that

<sup>1</sup> The pun on 'cant' and 'recant' was not original, though Lord John's application of it was. Its inventor seems to have been Lady Townshend, the brilliant mother of Charles Townshend, the elder Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer. When she was asked if George Whitefield, the evangelical preacher, had yet recanted, she replied, 'No, he has only been canting.'

readers of the CORNHILL may need an apology for reference to it; but Shakespeare's declarations have not, as far as I know, been surveyed in their entirety. And in passing cursorily over the whole field I must ask pardon for dwelling occasionally on ground that is in detached detail sufficiently well trodden, as well as for neglecting some points which require more thorough exploration than is possible within present limits.

Broadly speaking, the Shakespearean drama powerfully enforces the principle that an active instinct of patriotism is essential to the proper conduct of life. This principle lies at the root of Shakespeare's treatment of history and political action, both English and Roman. But it is seen at work in more shapes than one. The patriotic instinct gives birth to various moods, and although all normal manifestations of it in Shakespearean drama shed a gracious light on life, it operates with some appearance of inconsistency, now as a spiritual sedative, now as a spiritual stimulant.

Of all Shakespeare's characters it is that of Bolingbroke in 'Richard II.' which betrays the tranquillising influence of patriotism most effectively. In him the patriotic instinct inclines to identity with the simple spirit of domesticity. It is a magnified love for his own hearthstone—a glorified home-sickness. The very soil of England, England's ground, excites in Bolingbroke an overmastering sentiment of devotion. His main happiness in life resides in the thought that England is his mother and his nurse. The patriotic instinct thus exerts on a character which is naturally cold and unsympathetic a softening, soothing, and purifying sway. Despite his forbidding self-absorption and personal ambition he touches hearts, and rarely fails to draw tears when he sighs forth the lines

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

In such a shape the patriotic instinct, though it may tend in natures weaker than Bolingbroke's to mawkishness or sentimentality, is incapable of active offence. It makes for the peace and goodwill not merely of nations among themselves, but of the constituent elements of each nation within itself. It unifies human aspiration and breeds social harmony.

Very different is the phase of the patriotic instinct that is portrayed in the more joyous, more frank, and impulsive characters of Faulconbridge the Bastard in the play of 'King John,' and of the

King in 'Henry V.' It is in them an inexhaustible stimulus to action. It is never quiescent, but its operations are regulated by morality and reason, and it finally induces a serene exaltation of temper. It was a pardonable foible of Elizabethan writers distinctly to identify with the English character this healthily energetic sort of patriotism—a sort of patriotism which cannot, of course, breathe the atmosphere either of knavery or of folly. Faulconbridge is an admirable embodiment of it. He is a bluff, straightforward, manly soldier, blunt in speech, contemning subterfuge, chafing against the dictates of political expediency, and believing that quarrels between nations which cannot be accommodated without loss of self-respect on one side or the other, had better be fought out in a resolved and honourable war. He is the sworn foe of the bully or the braggart. Cruelty is hateful to him. The patriotic instinct nurtures in him a warm and generous humanity. His faith in the future of his nation depends on the confident hope that she will be true to herself, to her traditions, to her responsibilities, to the great virtues; that she will be at once courageous and magnanimous—

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

Faulconbridge's patriotism is a vivacious spur to good endeavour in every relation of life.

Henry V. is drawn by Shakespeare at fuller length than Faulconbridge. His character is cast in a larger mould. But his patriotism is of the same spirited, wholesome type. Though Henry is a born soldier, he discourages insolent aggression or reckless displays of prowess in fight. With greater emphasis than his archbishops and bishops he insists that his country's sword should not be unsheathed except at the bidding of right and conscience. At the same time he is terrible in resolution when the time comes for striking blows. War, when it is once invoked, must be pursued with all possible force and fury.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility.  
But when the blast of war blows in his ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On this point the Shakespearean oracle always speaks with a decisive note:

Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.—*Hamlet*, I. iii. 65-7.

But although Henry's patriotic instinct can drive him into battle, it keeps him faithful there to the paths of humanity. Always alive to the horrors of war, he sternly forbids looting or even the use of insulting language to the enemy. It is only when a defeated enemy decline to acknowledge the obvious ruin of their fortunes that a sane patriotism defends resort on the part of the conqueror to the grimmest measures of severity. The healthy instinct stiffens the grip on the justly won fruits of victory. As soon as Henry V. sees that the French wilfully deny the plain fact of their overthrow, he is moved, quite consistently, to exclaim :

What is it then to me if impious war,  
 Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,  
 Do with his smirched complexion all fell feats,  
 Enlinked to waste and desolation ?

There is no confusion here between the patriotic instinct and mere bellicose ecstasy. That confusion is as familiar to the Shakspearean drama as to the external world, but it is always exhibited by Shakespeare in its proper colours. The Shakspearean mob, unwashed in mind and body alone yields to it, and justifies itself by a speciousness of argument against which a clean vision rebels. 'Let me have war, say I,' exclaims the professedly patriotic spokesman of the ill-conditioned proletariat in 'Coriolanus,' 'it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible. . . . Ay, and it makes men hate one another.' For this distressing result of peace, the reason is given that in times of peace men have less need of one another than in seasons of war, and the crude argument closes with the frenzied cry, 'The wars for my money.' There is a climax of irony in such a conclusion on the lips of a speaker who claims attention chiefly on the ground of his deficient means of subsistence.

It is not the wild hunger for war, but the stable interests of peace that are finally subserved in the Shakspearean world by true and well-regulated patriotism. The impassive, mindless patriot is warned against the folly of straining after mere military glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Even vaunting in the name of patriotism of one nation's superiority over another is reprobated. The typical patriot,

Henry V., once makes the common boast that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen, but he apologises for the brag as soon as it is out of his mouth. (He fears the air of France has demoralised him.) 'Henry V.,' the play of Shakespeare which shows the genuine patriotic instinct in its most energetic guise, ends with a powerful appeal to France and England to cherish 'neighbourhood and Christianlike accord,' so that never again should 'war advance his bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.'

But however whole-heartedly Shakespeare rebukes the excesses to which the lack of moral or intellectual discipline exposes patriotism, he reserves his austere censure for the disavowal of the patriotic instinct altogether. One of the greatest of his plays is practically a diagnosis of the perils which follow in the train of a wilful abnegation of the normal instinct. In 'Coriolanus' Shakespeare depicts the career of a man who thinks, by virtue of inordinate self-confidence and belief in his personal superiority to the rest of his countrymen, that he can safely abjure and defy the common patriotic instinct, which keeps the State in being.

I'll never (says Coriolanus)

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

Coriolanus deliberately suppresses the patriotic instinct in his nature, and, with greater consistency than others who have since followed his example, joins the fighting ranks of his country's enemies by way of illustrating his sincerity. His action proves to be in conflict with the elementary condition of social equilibrium. The subversion of the natural instinct is brought to the logical issues of sin and death. Domestic ties are rudely severed. The crime of treason is risked with an insolence that is almost immediately fatal to the transgressor. With such relentless logic does the Shakespearean drama condemn all undue repression of the natural instinct of patriotism.

It does not, however, follow from such premisses that the instinct encourages in men of intelligence any blind adoration of their state or country. It never prohibits intelligent citizens of the Shakespearean world from honestly criticising the acts or aspirations of their fellows, and from seeking to change them when they honestly think they can be changed for the better. It is not the business of a discerning patriot to sing pæans in his nation's honour. His final aim is to help his country to realise the

highest ideals of social and political conduct that are known to him, and to ensure for her the best possible 'reputation through the world.' Criticism conceived in a patriotic spirit should be constant and unflagging. The true patriot speaks out as boldly when he thinks the nation errs as when, in his opinion, she adds new laurels to her crown. The Shakespearean patriot, without sacrificing a tittle of his right to the name, applies a rigorous judgment to all conditions of his environment—whether social or political. Frank criticism of the policy of the nation and of those who initiate it is the life-blood of Shakespeare's history plays, English and Roman alike, which breathe the best spirit of patriotism at every pore. There is, moreover, hardly any portion of the Shakespearean drama which does not offer adverse comment, equally patriotic in tone and temper, on the social foibles and failures and errors of the dramatist's English contemporaries—men and women.

Some of the national failings on the social side that Shakespeare exposes seem at a first glance somewhat trivial, but on consideration they prove to be not unimportant. This portion of his censure is clothed in a good-humoured cynicism which invites to reformation half-humorously, and strikingly contrasts with the tragic earnestness that colours his criticism of political error or weakness.

Shakespeare was always contemptuous of the extravagances of his countrymen and countrywomen in the matter of dress or affectation of manner. Portia says of her English suitor Falconbridge, the young baron of England :

How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Another failing in Englishmen, which Portia shrewdly detects in her English suitor, is his total ignorance of any language but his own. She, an Italian lady, remarks :

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ?

This moving plaint draws attention to a defect which is not yet overcome. There are few Englishmen nowadays who, on being challenged to court Portia in Italian, would not cut a very sorry figure in dumb show—sorrier figures than Frenchmen or Germans. There is no true patriot who ought either to ignore the fact or to direct attention to it with complacency.

Again, Shakespeare was not complimentary to the drinking



habits of his compatriots. When Iago sings a verse of the song beginning, 'And let me the cannikin clink,' and ending, 'Why then let a soldier drink,' and Cassio commends the excellence of the ditty, Iago explains:

I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cassio asks:

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago retorts:

Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk, and gains, he explains, easy mastery over the German and the Hollander.

A further point of specific criticism has for its subject the pursuit of novelty—in itself no bad thing—which infected the nation and found vent in Shakespeare's day in the patronage of undignified shows and sports. When Trinculo was perplexed by the outward aspect of the hideous Caliban, he remarks:

Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

It is well for patriots to bear in mind that their fellow-countrymen are still liable to the imputation of preferring—in journalism for instance—what is new and momentarily exciting to what is old and deserving of serious sympathy. Shakespeare seems slyly to confess to a personal sense of the want of balance that infected the popular judgment in his day when he makes the first grave-digger remark that Hamlet was sent into England because he was mad.

'He shall recover his wits there,' the old clown suggests, 'or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.'

'Why?' asks Hamlet.

'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.'

So, too, in the emphatically patriotic play of 'Henry V.,' Shakespeare implies that he sees some purpose in the Frenchman's jibes that the foggy, raw, and dull climate of England often engenders in its inhabitants a frosty temperament, an ungenial coldness of blood. Nor does he imply dissent from the French

marshal's suggestion that Englishmen's great meals of beef sometimes impair the efficiency of their intellectual armour. The point of the reproofs is not blunted by the succeeding admission of a French critic in the play to the effect that, however robustious and rough in manners Englishmen are, they commonly have the unmatchable courage of the English breed of mastiffs. To credit men with the highest virtues of which dogs are capable is not the most comprehensive compliment that can be paid them.

It is in the history plays that Shakespeare bears convincing testimony to the right, and even to the duty, of the patriot to exercise in all seriousness his best powers of criticism on the political conduct of his fellow-citizens and of those who rule over him. I omit for the moment consideration of the Roman plays and devote my present remarks to the English history plays alone.

Shakespeare studies English history in the light of a patriotism which boldly seeks and faces the truth. His English history plays have been often spoken of as fragments of a national epic, as detached books of an English 'Iliad.' But they embody no epic or heroic glorification of the nation. Taking the great series which begins chronologically with 'King John' and ends with 'Richard III.' ('Henry VIII.' stands apart), we find that Shakespeare makes the central features of the national history the persons of the kings. Only in the case of 'Henry V.' does he clothe an English king with any genuine heroism. Shakespeare's kings are as a rule but men as we are. The violet smells to them as it does to us; all their senses have but human conditions; and though their affections be higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop they stoop with like wing. Excepting 'Henry V.,' the history plays are tragedies. They 'tell sad stories of the death of kings.' But they do not merely illustrate the crushing burdens of kingship or point the moral of the hollowness of kingly pageantry; they explain why kingly glory is in its essence brittle rather than brilliant. And since Shakespeare's rulers reflect rather than inspire the character of the nation, we are brought to a study of the causes of the brittleness of national glory. The glory of a nation, as of a king, is only stable, we learn, when the nation, as the king, lives soberly, virtuously, and wisely, and is courageous, magnanimous, and zealous after knowledge. Cowardice, meanness, ignorance, and cruelty ruin nations as surely as they ruin kings. This is the lesson specifically taught in the most eloquent of all the direct avowals of patriotism to be

found in Shakespeare's plays—in the great dying speech of John of Gaunt. That is no ebullition of the undisciplined patriotic instinct. It is no song of insolent triumph. It is rather a cry of despair uttered by a true patriot in his last moments, at the thought that all the greatness and glory with which nature and history have endowed his nation may be dissipated when the rulers prove selfish and frivolous and unequal to the responsibilities that a great past places on their shoulders, and at the same time the nation acquiesces in their depravity. By the emphasis the speaker lays, in the opening lines of his splendid oration, on the possibilities of greatness with which the natural physical conditions of the country and its political and military traditions have invested his countrymen, he brings into lurid relief the sin and the shame of paltering with, of putting to ignoble uses, the nation's character and influence. The passage is very familiar, but some lines from it are necessary by way of illustration. The dying patriot apostrophises England as :

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, . . . .  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands :  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world.

The last line identifies with the patriotic instinct the aspiration of a people to deserve well of foreign opinion. Subsequently the speaker turns from the ideal heights on which he would have his country walk and exposes with ruthless frankness the ugly realities of her present degradation.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds,—  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

At the moment the speaker's warning is scorned, but ultimately it takes effect, and England at the end of the play of 'Richard II.' casts off the ruler and his allies, who by their self-indulgence

and moral weakness play false with the best traditions of their race.

In 'Henry V.,' the only one of Shakespeare's historical plays in which an English king quits the stage in the enjoyment of a truly royal prosperity, his good fortune is more than once explained as a reward for his resolute endeavour to abide by the highest ideals of his race and to exhibit in his own conduct its noblest mettle. His strongest appeals to his fellow-countrymen are :

Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you ;

let us swear

That you are worth your breeding.

That the kernel of sound patriotism is the respect due to a nation's traditional repute, to the attested worth of the race, is the large lesson that Shakespeare taught continuously throughout his career as a dramatist. The teaching is not solely enshrined in the poetic eloquence of plays of his early period like 'Richard II.' or plays of his middle life like 'Henry V.' It is the last as well as the first word in Shakespeare's collective declaration on the true essence of patriotism. 'Cymbeline' belongs to the close of his working life, and there we meet once more the asseveration that a due regard to the past and an active resolve to keep alive ancestral virtue are the surest signs of health in the patriotic instinct. The accents of John of Gaunt were repeated by Shakespeare with little modulation at that time of his life when his reflective power was at its ripest. The Queen of Britain, Cymbeline's wife, is the personage in whose mouth Shakespeare sets, not perhaps quite appropriately, the latest message in regard to patriotism that he is known to have delivered. Emissaries from the Emperor Augustus have come from Rome to demand from the King of Britain payment of the tribute that Julius Cæsar had long since imposed, by virtue of a *force majeure*, which is now extinguished. The pusillanimous King Cymbeline is indisposed to put himself to the pains of contesting the claim, but the resolute queen awakens in him a sense of patriotism and of patriotic obligation by recalling the more nobly inspired attitude of his ancestors, and convincing him of the baseness of ignoring the physical features which had been bestowed by nature on his domains by way of guaranteeing their independence.

Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the topmast.

The appeal prevails, the tribute is refused, and the country is secured against foreign dominion.

The Shakespearean drama thus finally enjoins those who love their country wisely to neglect no advantage that nature offers in the way of resistance to unjust demands upon it; to remember that her prosperity largely depends on her command of the sea; to hold firm in the memory 'the dear souls' who have made 'her reputation through the world'; to subject at need her faults and frailties to searching criticism and stern rebuke; and finally to treat with disdain those in places of power who make of no account their responsibilities to the past as well as to the present and the future. The political conditions, the physical conditions of his country have altered, since Shakespeare lived and England has ceased to be an island-power. But the essential verity of his teaching has undergone no change.

*A HIGH RANGER.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

## CHAPTER I.

## JASMINE COURT.

It were profane to criticise the ways of a city council, for they are high and cannot be understood by people of low estate, but it may be allowed to express amazement at the majestic detachment from circumstances with which the streets of certain quarters are named. There is a pleasant story that the Governor of a Western State, being embarrassed by the number of new towns which were rising and the poverty of his geographical imagination, laid hold of an ancient history and reproduced the Roman Empire in his sphere of influence to the lasting satisfaction of the people and his own immense pride. It was upon this large and classical scale that the modern streets of Westport were named, and the contrast between the title and the fact lent a certain piquancy to the sombre streets, as when a solid matron pranks herself out with a gay-coloured ribbon like some young girl. When he came across a district of monotonous respectability inhabited by tradesmen, and head clerks, and widows of professional men, who took one high-class lodger, then the alderman—for less than that he could not have been—into whose hands this duty was committed divided it up among the heathen divinities, with whose lives it is only fair to suppose he was imperfectly acquainted. And when one passed from Jupiter to Leda Street, or turned the corner almost too indiscreetly from Venus to Vulcan Street, and was met everywhere with persons of almost obtrusive morality, then one began to think of the alderman as a greater Savonarola who had changed the gay society of Olympus into a company of English Puritans.

Sometimes the alderman in the greatness of his going would drop with a certain air of good-natured toleration into modern literature, and then rows of podgy villas, of maddening uniformity, would be named after the romances of Scott or the idylls of Tennyson, and prosperous people who were on terms of jocularly with 'Mr. Alderman,' and who had copies of Tupper (in gilt) on their drawing-room tables, and preferred a good going murder story to

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1901, by the Rev. John Watson, in the United States of America.

'Vanity Fair,' would be obliged to give Guinevere Road as their private address.

The only time one was inclined to quarrel with this overlord—and this only through the pity of it—was when he relaxed from the severity of his higher studies and allowed himself, so to say, to rusticate. It was all very well that he should leave his library and lay aside his robes (purple, I imagine, trimmed with fur), and wander in easy undress through the woods and among the flowers, and a pleasure to know that he had enriched his vocabulary, but one wished he had used it more mercifully. It was a stroke of masterly irony, caught, no doubt, from over-much reading of Swift, to re-name for some municipal purpose the most miserable quarter of the city with words which carried the unfortunate inhabitants, whom drink and poverty had not made quite callous, back to the scenes of their happier childhood. Oak and beech, ash and willow, rose and primrose, snowdrop and daffodil—this remorseless satirist had spared them nothing, but was determined to press the paradox of life to its utmost. It was his master-stroke to call the street which ran from Lancaster Road through the most miserable section of a most miserable quarter by the name of Chestnut. One thought at the sound thereof of a vista of stately trees, whose branches met one another along some boulevard, and whose greenery filled the vision from the windows, beneath whose shade age sat and children played, whose breaking forth was a glory in the spring-time. What one saw was a street where two dust-carts, if they had met—which they never did—would have passed with difficulty; where the only greenery was refuse from the baskets of street hawkers, and the flowers were heaps of unsavoury rubbish. There were seats all along the street—the doorsteps of the houses—on which women were sitting, idle, dishevelled, dirty—and the whole street was a playground where neglected children made such sport as they could, floating sticks in the gutter or dragging empty biscuit-boxes as make-believe carriages.

The greater glory of the street was two gorgeous public-houses, one at either end, with plate-glass windows and mahogany fittings, and various coloured bottles, which stood like fortresses to defy any attack of religion, or even respectability, upon Chestnut Street; and, in case they should be captured, there were two other saloons, half-way along the street, to form a last reserve of resistance to cleanliness and godliness. It could not



be said that the people had much to spare from necessary food and clothing—and, indeed, it might be very well urged that they had not enough to secure even such necessities for themselves and their children. And yet the men found money somehow to drink themselves into a state of sodden stupidity every Saturday night, and occasionally, if work were rife, on other nights too; and the women, although kept on short allowance, no doubt for moral reasons, by their lords and masters, also dropped in during the day-time to refresh themselves under the burden of life, and also—but that was an accident with which they had nothing to do—to swell the profits of a brewer who owned some hundreds of those outposts of civilisation and gave munificently to the decoration of the city—as if, indeed, he had not spent enough upon the decoration of its poorer quarters already. There was a lesser glory in Chestnut Street, and that was a couple of exceedingly modest shops, which certainly could not boast of any ornament, and which had a very small ‘take’ indeed, compared with the ‘Chestnut Tree’ and the ‘Old House at Home,’ as the brewer with pleasant humour called his establishments. Those shops depended on the sale of the ‘Police News’ and other highly-illustrated, but not immoral, literature, on herb beer (a decoction which almost excused a man going into the public-house), and small articles of food; but they chiefly maintained their existence, and afforded a scanty living to the women who kept them, by the sale, at an enormous profit, of the humblest form of sweets.

Although the young Chestnuts had not, as a rule, been afflicted with soap for the last month, and their clothes were sanitary to the highest degree in the matter of ventilation, they seemed to be able to purchase sweets almost daily, which showed either that there was more affluence in Chestnut Street than one would have expected, or that their improvident and often intoxicated parents were at least good-natured to their children. When a young Chestnut had a huge brown sugar ball in his mouth which he shared in turn with two or three friends—keeping a watchful eye upon the length of time each friend had it in his mouth—and was able to build a fortress out of a mass of garbage where he could reproduce the South African War, he was fairly happy; and as he seemed indifferent to cold and wet, perhaps he was not so badly off, after all, and having all the joys of a savage state of existence, did not deserve so much pity as philanthropic ladies wasted fruitlessly upon him when they took their turn of slumming in Chestnut Street. Yet

Chestnut Street could not be called a pleasant spectacle for the eyes, and it was particularly unpleasant material for the nose any day; while on Saturday night it was beyond description, and was not, happily, then seen by ladies, philanthropic or otherwise.

There is always a lower deep, and whatever may have been the sanitary and social defects of Chestnut Street, its inhabitants regarded the courts behind with pity and contempt, and in this aristocratic attitude the Chestnuts had reason on their side. Their street, at least, was open from end to end, and when the wind was in the right quarter the thickness of its atmosphere was stirred, and some slight breath of freshness came to their doors; they had, for the most part, water somewhere in each house, and sanitary accommodation, although thirty people might share it; they had a view of a kind across the street, and a more limited one—very limited indeed—upon a back yard behind; their houses also had a back as well as a front, so that if the family in the upper back room opened their window, which possibly had openings which were automatic, and also opened their door, which possibly had nothing to keep it shut, and the family in the upper front room did likewise, they might by good luck and hearty co-operation get up a draught, and on a favourable day, by the greatest of good fortune, have a suggestion of fresh air in both rooms. West-end people, with their big houses and gardens, might commiserate the Chestnuts, but they had reason to thank God—although they did not do so, being beneath all forms of religion—that they were not as the miserables of the court, and especially those whose lot was cast in Jasmine.

Jasmine Court, Chestnut Street, belonged to an excellent maiden lady, who supported mission work among the women of India with all her spare means, and did not know whence her income was gathered, and would have been very much horrified if anyone had told her that her own tenants needed her help very much more than the women in the zenanas. Her estate, with others of the same kind, was managed by an agent, who was not any worse by nature than other men, but who considered it to be his duty to spend as little upon the property, and to get as much out of the property, as he was able by unrelenting energy in securing the rent and imperturbable callousness to the misery of the tenants. Very likely he was a deacon in a chapel somewhere, and not only paid his own bills with regularity, but also gave liberally to the hospital collection, and was very much beloved in

his own family. For half our sins are done vicariously or ignorantly, and we may be as cruel as Herod the Great, and all the time consider ourselves to be kind-hearted, open-handed, Christian people. The agent would have been very much ashamed if anyone had accused him of sentiment, and his policy might well justify him from such a charge; but even this austere man had his lapses into poetry, although he endeavoured to make the Muses serve the purposes of business. So long as the street to which his property clung, like a child to the skirts of a very unsympathetic mother, was called Back Hooley Lane, he was quite content that his court should be known as No. 11; and, indeed, except for police sheets and coroners' inquests, it did not really require any name. Chestnut Street quickened the imagination of the agent, and as occasionally he had been told that his property was a moral disgrace to the city—this by the philanthropic visitors—and also that it was a sanguinary pigstye—this, slightly translated, by the inhabitants—he felt that something must be done; but instead of cleaning and repairing it, he covered all its faults as with a garment by painting up in black letters on a white ground—the only whiteness in the place—'Jasmine Court.' This achievement no doubt gratified the agent's artistic sense, and showed the good effect of the alderman's example, but I regret to say that it did not lay to rest the grumbling of the tenants or make the court more popular. They were not intimately acquainted with the names of flowers, and took it into their heads that Jasmine was the designation of some 'blooming toff' whom they henceforward regarded with undying hatred.

'Oo's 'e?' inquired Mrs. Hopkins—a lady of commanding temper and less than bigoted abstinence, who had sauntered to the mouth of the passage to get a breath of air and see what the painter was doing. 'Oo's this 'ere Jasmine, wot's stickin' 'is blooming name on the wall and sp'ilin' a respectable court? If 'e'd jist come down we'd Jasmine 'im—I'd wipe up the court with 'im.' And there was a general idea in old No. 11 that a liberty had been taken.

It was encouraging to know that any sense of pride survived in Jasmine Court, for one would have said that the last liberty had been taken with that unfortunate locality, and that it would not have been possible to invent a new insult. You entered it by a long, narrow, covered passage, which was the only ventilating shaft which Jasmine enjoyed. As the shaft was

only six feet high, men like Jim Tobin, coming home on Saturday night, lifted above circumstances, used to strike their heads against the roof, and explained their minds about Jasmine in language that could not be presented, even in the most careful version. And as the air which fought its way through the shaft had first been filtered through the thickness of Chestnut Street, and before it reached Chestnut Street passed through the smoke of the city, there was no fear that the inhabitants of Jasmine should experience the rude shock of a country breeze. A cubic foot of Jasmine air would have been a rich field of analysis for the chemist, and he would have been able to secure the leading microbes at one haul. It occurred, indeed, to one that the only reason why every person in Jasmine was not laid down by disease, and why the children did not all die in infancy instead of only every second one, could only be the internal feuds amid the race of microbes, so that one clan occasionally destroyed another, and the people who had phthisis escaped malignant fever. When one escaped from the tunnel he came into the open court, which was ten feet broad and about seventy feet long, and closed at the other end by a high wall which formed the back of some warehouse. There were twelve houses in Jasmine, six on either side, and each house had three floors and each floor three rooms, and so there were nine families in each house, besides an occasional lodger whom an enterprising family of small numbers would take in. Jasmine, like a good old country residence built long ago, whose owner had a conservative dislike to changes, was not disfigured by any modern conveniences. There was no water in any house; but what more could the people require than a water-tap in the court, where they could draw as much as they required in turn for cooking purposes, and where, if they pleased, and the tap were not engaged, they could wash themselves at any time that it occurred to them? If she happened to be fastidious—but this was not a weakness among the Jasmynes—a woman might draw off the water into a pail and perform her ablutions in the modified privacy of her own room; and in that case she would have to come again into the court and empty her dish into the open gutter which divided the courtyard, like a river running between two counties. Were one's imagination vivid, he could imagine rustics sitting on either side of this brook exchanging local gossip and plucking jasmine from the overhanging branches.

As a matter of fact, there was a good deal of talk in the court, but much of it was not to be printed, and the brook was certainly not to be described. There is a limit to the resources of the health authorities, and Jasmine would have required a scavenger to itself; and if he had given a little attention to the interior of the houses, confining himself even to the lobbies and stairs, he would have been pretty fully employed. The arrangements for the disposal of rubbish, liquid and solid, were not complicated in the court, and everything which a Jasmine did not wish to keep any longer—ashes, bones, slops, and the rest—she deposited in the courtyard, allowing the brook to absorb the liquid, and the residual to form a soil which might be called alluvial, since it had come down from the heights, and no doubt was rich enough to grow various crops—and, as a matter of fact, did grow a marvellous crop of corruption and infection. Certain of the Jasmynes were hard-working people, although they could not be called provident and temperate, and they pursued their callings, which were not always savoury, in the court. Mistress Tooley supported herself and three children in the small back room ground floor of No. 5, right hand side, by fish-hawking, and what Mistress Tooley could not sell on Monday, because she had had the fish since Saturday in her room, she prepared for preservation sitting at her door on Monday evening. Before she finished she had made quite a large contribution to the riches of the court; and as there were two other fellow professionals who used the court for their operations, it was not wonderful that Jim Tobin, leaning out of his window, should explain to men and gods that, if the fish trade assumed any larger dimensions, he would be obliged to shift his quarters; and I can only regret that respect for my readers prevents me transferring Mr. Tobin's description of the scene below to these pages, for it was vivid and accurate in the extreme. By the side of the brook vegetable women washed the greens which next day they would be selling as fresh from the country, and the withered leaves lay in heaps beside them. Orange women felt their fruit carefully, which they also, with an anxious desire for cleanliness, washed, utilising the same basin with other hucksters, excepting Mistress Tooley; and occasionally, though only in extreme circumstances, an orange was rejected, and, if it were not eaten by the children, was trodden under foot, and still further increased the variety of the soil. There was also a merchant of tripe . . . But it requires a robust mind with corresponding senses to visit

the rural seclusion of Jasmine, and the rest may be left to his imagination.

Irony may have some good effect of comfort, and the new title of No. 11 woke a wistful remembrance in the heart of Mistress James Tobin. Unlike her neighbours right and left, she was not a child of the city reared amid its crowded houses, noisy streets, and glare of public-houses, its poverty, misery, and filth: she had been born in a Cheshire cottage, and the days of her childhood had been spent in a garden where potatoes and peas and beans and beetroot were bordered by homely sweet-scented flowers; and if the brook at the foot of the garden went slowly, as Cheshire waters run, it was clean, and wild flowers were growing on its edge. Beside the cottage was a field, and she soon learned not to be afraid of the motherly animals that chewed their cud there, and went home at stated times and in solemn procession to be milked by her mother and elder sisters; and there was a wood where she wandered after school time, where they made bracelets out of the wild flowers in their seasons, and bathed their faces on the first of May in the fresh sweet dew. Times there were when she regretted bitterly that she had ever left the healthy happy country life, and gone into the service of a city house. Like many another country maid, she had been tempted by the wages and by the excitement of a place where people were smartly dressed and lived luxuriously, and there was much coming and going, and endless talk, and that colour of life which attracts the eye of a girl, and beside which the days of the country appear grey and dull. It was pleasant enough to come home for her holidays and idle in the garden, and show her town finery in the church on Sunday and tell her old companions of the ladies' dresses and the great parties and the high time they had in the servants' hall, and it pleased her pride—being only a young maid—to be looked on as a kind of oracle by her mother and sisters. But she was not sorry to go back to the city with a large bunch of country flowers in her hand and some country dainties in her box, and as the train passed within sight of her mother's cottage she used to wave her handkerchief from the window with tenderness for the home of her childhood, yet with pity for those who spent their days in quietness.

Jira Tobin was a handsome young fellow in those days, tall and broad, clean-skinned, and with a merry manner, and as he came from time to time to do repairs upstairs and down in the big house, it was human nature—very old human nature

—that the girls up and down, from scullery maid—like her impudence, a chit of sixteen—to the upper waitress—quite a majestic young lady, with 28*l.* wages and expecting 30*l.*—should not be ignorant that a good-looking man of their own station was in the house, and should not be unwilling to be noticed. None of them would have been so unwomanly as to set her cap at him, or have taken a step out of her way to meet him, but it was wonderful how often amid the bustle of the house and going about their duty the girls came across him, and if they lingered for a moment to speak, it was only common courtesy, and if they took a hurried glance at the glass before they went where Jim was working, that was only self-respect, and if their eyes were brighter when they went on with their work, it was only his interesting conversation. While the world lasts, or until the new woman has accomplished her endeavour and all women have passed into men, the presence of a man, young and good-looking, in a household of women will light their eyes and bring the colour to their cheeks and tune their voices, fill their mind with dreams, and teach their manner the wiles and stratagem of love.

Lucy Miles was a pretty girl then, straight and graceful—ah me! Jasmine Court has little mercy on country beauty—and being a housemaid it was her duty to show Tobin the windows that would not work, and the locks that had to be repaired, and the cupboards which needed a new shelf, and such things had to be explained very carefully lest he should make a mistake. There were pieces of furniture also which a girl could not move without help, and Jim was very obliging; and there were carpets which had to be rolled up to be ready for the cleaning, and they happened to roll them together. It was freely said in the servants' hall—and the under waitress spoke like a spiteful cat—that when Lucy and Jim began to walk out together it was not her face which had done it, but her opportunities. The scullery maid, indeed, believed that if Tobin had been a plumber and come within the range of her fascination, Lucy would have had no chance; but the head waitress explained with dignity that on the few occasions when he had visited the pantry she had thought him a stupid fellow without a word to say for himself. So Lucy and Jim walked together every second Sunday, and he took her for a trip upon the river if he could on her day out; and then when the family went to the country the following summer,



Lucy did not go with them, because she was married in a country church that day, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. James Tobin began life together in a little house with very little money, but with some hope and a good deal of honest love, as thousands have done before them and thousands more will do while there are still men and women in the world.

Love must ever mean sacrifice, but no woman gives such pledges of trust as the domestic servant who marries a working man, for she goes from a house where she has lived in comfort and without care, to narrow means, unceasing toil, and the burden of family life. For love's sake she makes the sacrifice, and if she gets her due reward is satisfied with her own home, small, but clean and neat; her own man, an artisan with hard hands but a tender and true heart; and her own children who keep her hands full, but also fill her life. When Lucy took possession of 246 Burke Street—that was in a quarter given over to statesmen—with a very little parlour, a kitchen, and a back kitchen on the ground floor, and two rooms above with a tiny bathroom, mark you, she would not have exchanged with an alderman's wife; and when the head waitress came to tea, as she did quite affably one Sunday afternoon, she went home and informed her majesty the cook that the Tobins had a quite nice house for people in their rank of life—which showed that she did not propose to marry among artisans, but intended to start life among the clerks. It was a pity that the Tobins had not saved more before they furnished their little house, for they could not pay for all the furniture; and although Jim's wages were very high, and he increased them by working overtime, yet debt was a bad beginning and an omen of worse things. It was part of their plan to have a lodger whom Lucy thought she could make comfortable, but the first man who stayed for a year and then left having only paid three months' rent was not a success, and after her first baby, which died in a week, she fell into weak health and was not able to do housework. With the curious specialism of a domestic servant, she had never learned to cook, not even potatoes, and however well she could do a bedroom, that did not make up for a miserable dinner. Jim began to complain that he was not getting decent food, and that his wages were being wasted; and Lucy, in turn, made contrasts between their kitchen and the servants' hall in the big house. When a woman's health fails her tongue sharpens, and in the strife of words Mistress Tobin had the best of it.

Although Jim was good-looking and an ingenious workman, he was not particularly quick-witted; but he had always a man's disastrous resource, and when Lucy was more than ordinarily vicious he spent the evening in the public-house. Within two years they were obliged to leave Burke Street, selling half their furniture, and they settled in 342 Garrick Street (being now among the actors) where the door opened from the street into the kitchen, and the stairs sprang from the end of the kitchen to the upper floor with its two little rooms—no bathroom now. Here another baby was born and died, and Lucy grew more nervous and fretful, more careless about the house and about herself, so that the upper waitress meeting her once upon the street came home and told the cook—both those ladies remaining cruelly obdurate to all suitors—that Mrs. Tobin had got 'that common' she was ashamed to be seen speaking to her. Jim had discovered a comfortable public-house at the corner of the street, provided by the same generous philanthropist who gave 'reasonable facilities' of drinking to Chestnut Street, and there he spent his evenings and his money.

It was on a Saturday night, the third anniversary of their marriage—alas! the country church and the roses on the hedges—that Jim, to whom the brewer had been very hospitable and to whom Lucy had been rather shrewish, struck his wife for the first time; and it was in Garrick Street that he lost his pleasant and well-paid situation, and fell from the rank of artisans into the low estate of unskilled labour. As they could not pay their rent one week, and there were other six weeks in arrears, the landlord turned them out, and with such furniture as was left when his claims had been met they found a refuge in Laburnum Street—a sylvan glade corresponding to Chestnut Street—and there they came down to one room with the remains of their furniture—a bed, a table, two chairs, a looking-glass, a few dishes, a kettle, a pot, and a frying-pan. Still, the room might have been smaller and in worse repair, and Lucy pulled herself together and recalled the skill of former days in trying to make it neat. Jim had obtained employment at the docks, and, being a strong man and clever with his hands, was doing fairly well, and was kind to Lucy when her third baby was born and lived. It seemed, indeed, as if their fortunes had touched the bottom and now again might rise; but the room could not be very comfortable at times during Lucy's confinement, and the brewer, still anxious to meet the needs of hard-

working men, and to supply them with 'a good sound, wholesome beer,' maintained a place of refreshment within easy reach of Jim's new home—in fact, the 'Laburnum Blossom.' The brewer had given strict orders that no intoxicated person should be served with drink, and the manager of the 'Blossom' knew that he must not break this rule, not only because it was bad for families that the head of the household should be drunk, but also because the licence would be taken away. But it is difficult to estimate a man's condition, and Jim was dealt with so generously that he spent his last penny one Saturday in decorating himself and a few friends from the docks with 'blossoms,' and when he went home highly exalted, and Lucy unwisely reproached him, it ended in another blow which she endeavoured in vain to conceal from the neighbours. So he sat more and more under the shade of the 'Laburnum Blossom,' and Lucy also accepted the brewer's invitation, although not very often, during the day time; and so it came to pass that they landed in that last refuge of the miserable poor, Jasmine Court, Chestnut Street, where the father and the mother and the little lad, now five years old, lived in the upper front room of No. 2, left hand side and subsisted on the few shillings which the father received for occasional work at the docks and did not spend with his friend the brewer in 'The Old House at Home.' And there they would have drunk and starved and rotted and died—so much human wreckage—had it not been that a certain councillor, who was not so much concerned with the names of the streets as about the people who lived in them and the life which they lived, bethought himself of Jasmine Court (as well as other flowery bowers), and one Saturday afternoon unexpectedly presented Mr. and Mrs. James Tobin with nothing else and nothing less than a healthy and hopeful young hydrangea.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ROSEMARY.

It was not unusual for a policeman to visit Jasmine Court, and not at all infrequent for two to come together; there were even high occasions of festivity in the court when four policemen would put in an appearance accompanied by a stretcher. It could not be said, even in charity to the court, that its inhabitants had invited the policemen as guests, nor would it be truthful to suggest that the strangers fitted perfectly into all the ceremonies. They came

without being asked, and they showed an impertinent curiosity into circumstances which the Jasmynes had not meant to bring under their notice. Their reception was warm without being cordial, and perhaps the only proof of hospitality which the Jasmynes showed was an earnest effort to speed the parting guest if he were willing to go away alone, but strong reluctance to let him go if accompanied by any member of Jasmine Court. When Bill Fiddler, known familiarly to his intimates as the 'Slosher,' had a political difference with a friend as they were taking their single glass of wholesome beer in 'The Old House at Home,' and then brought the argument to a practical conclusion in the street with confusing results to the friend, it was quite in the order of things that the stipendiary magistrate should wish to have an interview with Mr. Fiddler. It was also natural that Mr. Fiddler should be disinclined to leave Jasmine Court and waste his time on any such errand, and it was felt respectful, as well as expedient, that Mr. Fiddler should be waited upon by at least four guardians of the peace. And the last view which the Jasmynes had of the pride of the court was Mr. Fiddler being taken through the passage, with no assistance on his part—even the reverse—by two policemen without their helmets, while two others repressed the friendly attentions of Mr. Fiddler's friends at the mouth of the passage. Mr. and Mrs. Fiddler did not live, as a rule, on terms of unbroken amity, and it was seldom that both her eyes were of the same colour, but it is trouble that draws us all together and brings to a white heat the affection of a wife; and, as the 'Slosher' disappeared, and his voice was choked in the passage, his wife's was making the court to ring with a vivid description of the parentage and character of the police rearguard, and her determination, stated on oath, to remove by surgical operation the most vital portion of their bodies—to all of which the policemen listened with much affability of manner and a still more aggravating silence.

One Saturday in May, when a distant suggestion of approaching summer had reached Jasmine Court, and the women were mostly out of doors, a policeman came bending up the passage—for our men stand about six feet high—and when he had put on his helmet and straightened himself, he gave a certain dignity to Jasmine Court, with a stray ray of sunshine on his bright buttons and trim blue uniform. It could not be anything very serious, for he had come alone and at an hour when the men were away, and the Jasmynes were in good spirits that day—so much

does May do even for a court. As a matter of fact, there was great good feeling between the people of the courts and our policemen, although they might have a scrimmage together now and then; for the courts knew that the police were simply doing their duty, and the police on their part did their duty as kindly as possible, and, outside the routine of their work, gave many a good word of advice and rendered many a little friendly service to the poor. Policeman 294 had been reared in a Cheshire cottage, like Lucy Tobin, and had his own wife and family; and although he walked with military dignity, and was a fearful spectacle to street arabs, his youngest child played with his whiskers, and his little wife kept him in a state of wholesome tyranny. Many a good deed had he done to Jasmine Court, bringing home their children when the little ones had wandered down the passage and then been carried down Chestnut Street into the open sea of Lancaster Road, like boats that had escaped from harbour, separating angry women who were proceeding from words to blows, saving reckless householders from acts of destruction that would have landed them in gaol, and even sometimes persuading the traffickers in fish to have some regard to sanitation. A big, good-natured, sober, healthy man was 294, and although no one had ever said it to him, and he never dreamt of such a thing himself, he was a working philanthropist, and succeeded where talking philanthropists have failed in making so many square yards of squalid life slightly easier and slightly cleaner.

‘One at a time, ladies,’ said 294, when the babel of questions and chaff had ceased, ‘and I’ll answer you hall, time permitting. According to information received, Mrs. Fiddler, the “Slosher” is in good health, and her Majesty is greatly pleased with his company; the fact is she would like him to stay a little longer, but he’s coming home in fourteen days to the bosom of his wife and family. My advice, Mistress Fiddler, is just to keep him out of mischief for the future. No! I’m not coming to take any of you away from your daily havocations, nor to give you good advice about the court. The fact is, ladies, I am here with a hinvitation from the Lord Mayor and Haldermen and Council of the City, addressed to you hall, and sent by me, special messenger, to Jasmine Court. The Lord Mayor, hetcetra, ’ereby hinvites you, your ’usbands, and your children, to come to the baths, Rosemary Street, this hafternoon at four o’clock—not to wash, Mrs. Fiddler, though I don’t say as that’s unnecessary—to see a selection of flowers from

the greenhouses of the Corporation, and each lady attending will receive a plant as a gift from his Lordship and the Council.' And 294, who had spoken with impressive and seasonable dignity, relaxed after his effort, and nodded affably to the court.

It would be complimentary to Jasmine Court, but it would not be strictly true, to say that its inhabitants were much lifted with an invitation to visit Rosemary Baths and look at flowers, even with the lure of a plant to carry home; and although I have a kindly feeling to the court, where two of my friends used to live, yet it must be confessed that the Jasmines would have preferred an invitation to some form of entertainment where there would have been meat and—let us be frank—also drink. Beyond their territorial designation the Jasmines, poor souls, did not know much about flowers and had no opportunity of cultivating æsthetic tastes. Mrs. Fiddler felt as if her interest had been obtained by the policeman on false pretences, and declared that flowers were 'tommyrot,' and however suitable they might be for the house of a 'toff' they were not intended for Jasmine Court; and she clinched her argument with the searching question, 'Ow would Bill look when 'e came back and saw a bloomin' flower pot in 'is window?' and the impression in the court was that that estimable gentleman would not only be very much amazed, but very likely would consider it a personal insult.

Mrs. William Fiddler must be excused for her want of enthusiasm, as well as for the simplicity of her language because she had been born and bred in a court, and, except on far back and rare Sunday school treats, had never seen the country in all her life; but the very word 'flower' acted like a charm on the mind of Lucy Tobin. As 294 is speaking, Jasmine Court, with its sickening air and indescribable squalor, and her miserable home, with its wreckage of the past, and her broken life, with its withered hopes, fades away, and Lucy is again a Cheshire lass in her mother's cottage. She rises from her seat in the low-roofed kitchen, with its bits of oak furniture and its row of china dishes on the wall, and the clean cheerful fireplace, with two brass candlesticks, polished like unto fine gold, on the mantelpiece, and the big arm-chair where her father used to sit, and the hams and bacon, their own curing, hanging from the rafters, and a hydrangea in full flower in the window, which is open, and through which the fresh country air is blowing in. She goes out through the doorway, where a rose, shaken by her passing, empties the rain of

the last shower upon her head, christening her afresh with perfumed water; and down the garden walk she trips, between the moss roses and the hollyhocks, and the sweet-peas, and the London pride, and the daffodils, and the little forget-me-nots, and through the garden gate, where the tendrils of honeysuckle are twining, to the banks of the little stream; and at the sound thereof the hardness and bitterness pass from her life,

‘And beauty born of murmuring sound’

touches her face. And although 294 tramped down the passage somewhat discouraged by the result of his eloquence, he had builded better than he knew; and although Mrs. William Fiddler was extremely stony ground, some of his seed had fallen in the good soil.

As the policeman worked his way in and out of the courts like a majestic bee sowing the pollen in very dirty flowers, he began to grudge the special duty which would keep him that afternoon in Rosemary Street, away from the child that pulled his whiskers, and to have hard thoughts of the enthusiastic town councillor who was responsible for this flower business; but 294 did not know that Providence was vastly pleased with his endeavour, and was going to take a hand in the business. There was, in fact, a big conspiracy that day for the redemption of James Tobin and Lucy his wife, to say nothing of the little lad; and down at the docks on that May forenoon the west wind, blowing full and free, was also in the service. As Jim handled the grain which had come from Western wheatfields, the tricky spirit blew upon him and stirred his heart with memories of past scenes. How on such a day, years ago, he used to take Lucy out, and they sailed on an excursion boat down the river to the river-mouth and round by the lightship; how they stood in the bow and faced the jolly salt wind that brought the colour to their cheeks, and laughed when a wave flung the spray over their heads; how he used to wrap a little shawl about his girl's shoulders, and then, lest she should fall overboard, put his arm round her waist; how they ate their dinner on their way back, which he had bought on the landing-stage, and to which she added some dainty given her by the cook; and how he must needs give her a cup of tea when they came to land, and when he saw her into her car would always have some little gift to put in her hand.

What set the wind a-driving this day through the dock and stirring up the past? Lucy was to-day a broken-spirited



and bedraggled woman, and he a drunkard and a wastrel, while once . . . Will the wind not cease a-blowing? As soon as work was done he intended to have a bite at a public-house upon the docks, and then he and his mates had an engagement at 'The Chestnut Tree,' and when the 'reasonable facilities' for drinking ceased, there might or might not be left a few coppers to take home for Lucy for Sunday's dinner. But if she did not provide something, or if she complained, why . . . And the wind blew hard upon his cheeks. As he shovelled the grain to the revolving belt that carried it on high, Jim swore to himself, but the wind whistled so loudly at that moment that the recording angel did not hear. She was once a trig and bonnie lass, and he had noticed with the corner of his eye that people turned to look at her in the boat, and he had been so proud that he could not help saying pretty things to her; whereat she had told him not to be silly, but all the same she was well pleased. And now . . . 'Tis merciless, is the west wind. No use now—their home gone, their furniture sold bit by bit, their love dead and buried beneath drink and quarrelling, and dirt and shame . . . But the wind is moving in the depths of the grave. It is uncertain work in the docks, and very irregular for a man who takes his 'single glass of honest beer,' yet there were days when he had earned eight shillings, and three days' work a week made twenty-four shillings, and perhaps he could get back to a trade again, and that would be a sure wage . . . And the wind lies low behind a warehouse to let him count. What had his mates done for him but sponged on him for beer and pulled him down from being a decent workman to a casual drudge? But Lucy had given him her heart, and he had broken it. He would go home that afternoon and carry every penny—he had a few odd coppers which would do for dinner at a cocoa-room—and among the wheat, now near the bottom of the hold, he swore it with a fearsome oath; but this being a covenant, as it were, the recording angel put it to his credit, and the wind, coming out from its hiding place, came tearing down the hatchway and triumphed gloriously. Oh, the brave west wind!

Jim started for Jasmine Court in the heat of a good resolution, but as he turned into Lancaster Road his heart began to fail him, and the very smell of the district was already weakening his strength, but it is an open thoroughfare and the west wind was still upon his face. Chestnut Street itself was almost fresh that day, but not even the indomitable wester could get into Jasmine

Court, and Jim felt within his soul that when he penetrated into its stench and airlessness, if Lucy, ragged and unwashed were wrangling with Bess Fiddler amid the garbage of the court, he would not be strong enough to stay, but would leave for 'The Chestnut Tree,' where at least there was a place to sit and beer to drown regret. For Lucy was not a pretty spectacle those days, nor, for that matter, was Jim himself. But this had been a well-contrived conspiracy, and if the west wind had done its part, 294 had not been a faithless ally. It was not likely that Jim would come home till late at night, and then . . . But still you can never tell; and as he came down Chestnut Street—the wind blowing mightily, and determined not to be beaten—he saw Lucy standing at the entry to the passage.

'Hello, old girl!' said Jim as they met, for the careful wind had driven every person away for the moment and left them alone. And he noticed that her hands and face were clean, and her hair had been roughly dressed with some suggestion of a servant's neatness, and also—for he was clever in noticing that day—that her gown had been hastily mended where there used to be tears. There was something also in her eyes he had not seen for many a year. 'W'ot is't, Loo?'

It was only a word of one syllable, but the smallest word is a symbol charged with untold wealth of meaning between those who have once loved and have lived together through the joys and sorrows, even through the travail and sin, of life. That was what he used to call her when he met her at the servants' entrance, and when they sat together on the boat, when her first child was born and died; but the word had died for want of air in Jasmine Court. At the sound of it she glanced quickly at him, and saw that something had happened to him also; not that he had washed, for he had had no chance, nor that he had done anything for his clothes—they were as bad as ever—but he seemed to carry his head with the suggestion of the former days, as if he had begun to respect himself again and to think of her. If she called him anything those last years, it was 'Tobin,' but now as they stood together she whispered, 'Jim.' And the west wind crept away on tip-toe that Jim might hear.

'Jim,' said his wife, speaking, after the manner of former days now, and slipping the *patois* of the court, 'there's a flower show at the Rosemary Baths this afternoon, and everyone who goes gets a plant to carry home; and I thought, Jim, that . . . Do you remember

the hydrangea in my mother's kitchen ?—may be . . . We might go and see.'

'I'm on the job, lass, but lemme have a wash-up first to look a bit respectable. I ain't much of a daisy after eight hours in a wheat hold; and I declare if you ain't quite the lady this afternoon!'

Jasmine Court took a keen and unanimous interest in Mr. Tobin's toilet, which was performed at the water-tap in full view of the court, and was of a very careful character; so that if he was not well dressed when it was over, having neither collar nor tie and an exceedingly disreputable cap, his hands and face were as clean as soap and water could make them—the soap being a small morsel borrowed from a luxurious neighbour.

Mrs. Fiddler was so arrested by this fastidiousness on the part of a man who had for years cultivated an easy negligence of person that she inquired whether he and Loo were going to a 'bloomin' picnic.' When she gathered that this elaborate preparation was for the exhibition at the Rosemary Baths, Mrs. Fiddler was much impressed; and as she was a lady of inquisitive instincts, although uncultured habits, she declared her intention of also attending and securing her full rights in the matter of a plant. It is, however, open to believe that that far-seeing matron was not indifferent to the value which the plant might have when her health required liquid refreshment.

Vanity about personal appearance was not one of Mrs. Fiddler's faults, and she started for the exhibition without delay, making her way by a labyrinth of back passages which hardly ever exposed her to the full light of day; but the Tobins that afternoon made for the open and took the cleaner way of Lancaster Road. Jim was furtively examining his wife, and as they passed a draper's shop where cheap articles of dress were hung outside he stopped and demanded the price of a shawl such as would cover a woman's shoulders. Nothing was dear there, as perhaps nothing was particularly good, and before Lucy had recovered herself, Jim had bought and paid for it, and the shawl was on her shoulders. He put it on as clumsily as a man could, but the touch of his hand upon her cheek in kindness brought the tears to her eyes, for it carried her back to the days of courtship. And the west wind, rioting down Lancaster Road, almost swept the shop-front clear. Her womanhood was coming back, and in a little Lucy had arranged the shawl to make the most of

it, and loitered by a window to see how she looked. It only cost two shillings, so mean a thing as that in the way of a shawl; but it was the first gift from Jim for many a year, and the only piece of dress she had ever got since she sank into a Jasmine, and the feel of it upon her shoulders connected her with respectability once more, and seemed the beginning of better days. She was now in turn examining Jim and marked how he walked, as a man who has money in his pockets, and has overcome—for the day at least—the allurements of 'The Chestnut Tree.' He was great that day, but there was no question he would have looked better with a collar—a clean white turn-over collar such as she saw in that shop-window—and if a tie could be added he would look almost the old Jim again. She had a shilling, kept partly in terror for Sunday's dinner, lest all her husband earned should have gone into the brewer's pocket. It was she who arrested the procession this time, and the shilling, in a sixpence and six coppers, was just the exact price of a collar and a sailor's knot tie—a blazing blue with white spots on it; and they went into the shop, and Lucy dressed Jim with her own hands. Then, to her joy, he must needs buy a decent cap, and this she set jauntily upon his head, and she would have kissed him—the first time for many a year—had it not been for the shopkeeper's stolid face; while outside the west wind went delirious with delight. There never was such a progress, for as they turned the corner from Lancaster Road into Rosemary Street there was a shop with a row of women's hats—the very humblest of their kind, a bit of straw with two ribbons, but still hats connecting the wearer as by a tie of blood with the women who wore bonnets at five guineas each, and separating her from those who went bareheaded. So one-and-ninepence came from Jim's inexhaustible store, and again Lucy felt a bonnet upon her head. One-and-ninepence was still left out of his hard day's wage for the Sunday dinner, although there would be nothing for the brewer; and as they went to the baths Jim and Lucy had been transformed with soap and water and a few modest articles of dress into a pair of no doubt very poor, but quite self-respecting working people who had come in their everyday clothes to see a flower-show.

Rosemary Street open-air bath was a standing illustration to aldermen and licensed victuallers, and other people of the higher circles, of the necessity of resisting evil (or good) at its very beginning. Years ago, a man got into the council who had no

axe of his own to grind and did not care for banquets, and who was not sound on 'reasonable drinking facilities' and had an insane desire to pull down insanitary property—a man, in fact, with a heart and with ideas—and from the day of his entrance he had done mischief, and nothing but mischief. It were too long a story to tell the evil which he did: how he got the courts lighted and partially washed, and old graveyards turned into green open places, and playgrounds made for children, and drainage improved, and water doubled to the courts, and flowers offered free for their houses, and other iniquities which were doing unspeakable damage to citizens who had invested their means in rotten property and places of refreshment. He ought to have been checked at the beginning, and the aldermen did speak of him freely after their own fashion as a severely-condemned fool and an impertinent meddler; but there are always a lot of foolish people, some of them connected with churches and some of them with colleges, who believe in that kind of thing, and so this fanatic got his way, and the crown of all his iniquity was Rosemary Street open bath. There was really only one man (an alderman) who could do justice to this colossal foolishness, and even he could only do so after dinner, and his style was of such a florid nature that it could not be transferred to print.

Imagine! Upon the site now given to this tomfoolery had once stood a block of most profitable property, where there was no bother about sanitation and no money spent on repairs, and people lived just as they pleased, and the owner, a sound politician and upholder of the Constitution, netted twelve per cent.; and this meddlesome demagogue had the block condemned at a very low valuation and pulled down, and on the place thereof had made a garden and erected a bath. There the boys could bathe one day and the girls another, and swim and generally enjoy themselves, but first they must wash themselves from head to foot with carbolic soap, and then only when they were perfectly clean were they allowed to enter the big bath with its pure water and tiled floor. It was a pleasant sight (if you did not know the mischief such tomfoolery might do) to see the women sitting in the garden with their babies at their feet when the sun was shining—and all day long when the clouds gave him a chance he was kind to Rosemary—and the carefully-tended flowers blooming in the midst of this human wilderness, and the children swimming in the bath, or running round the open corridor to dry and warm themselves

before they left. The mischief was contagious, for the owners of neighbouring property which looked upon Rosemary were obliged to put glass in the windows and repair their doors, and spend no end of money upon paint and plumbing; since their tenants began to turn up their noses at the houses and refused to live like beasts, looking all the time upon Rosemary. The manager of 'The Chestnut Tree' felt the effect even at that distance, and declared that Rosemary was the beginning of anarchy, and if that kind of thing went on, and the poor began to get so familiar with clean water and with flowers, the Throne itself would soon be in danger. And this was the place to which 294 had invited the Jasmines.

The water in the bath, pure as crystal, was shining in the sun, and round the corridors the plants were arranged—geraniums white and red, marguerites, and calceolarias, and fuchsias white and red; and in a corner Lucy found a hydrangea—for, indeed, there is no plant so easily kept and so prolific with its blossom, and so friendly to poor people, and so rich in its greenery, as a good hydrangea.

'Just like the one in our kitchen, Jim. I declare it's a very providence. Ask the gentleman if we can have it;' and then they saw by the ticket hung upon it that the hydrangea had found a home. They had put off so much time washing and dressing that they had come too late, and nothing remained for them but to take a geranium or a fuchsia, which many would have preferred. But their hearts were set upon that one plant, and would not be satisfied with any other; and when the councillor, who was prowling round and meddling as usual with other people's business, lighted upon the two and heard their desire—being a very ferret of a man in nosing to the very heart of things—he understood the situation. Here were two people whose future was hanging upon a hydrangea, and they were not going to be disappointed. The aldermen were right in calling him a cunning fellow, for anticipating the unreasonable whims of people who live in courts, and their sensitiveness to a rebuff, he had a reserve store of plants in the room where the girls dressed themselves. It was really sickening folly that the Corporation should humble itself to meet the wishes of people like the Jasmines, and hold out its hand to the likes of them to help them up, but that was a kind of thing this man was carrying on.

'Come with me,' he said, almost in a whisper as if it were a mighty secret—'Mrs. Tobin, did you say?—and your husband too—quietly, you know, for we can't do this for everybody—and I think

I have something that will suit you to the ground'; and with an air of mystery the sly dog brought them into the private room and pointed to a corner.

'Look, Jim, look—the very image of my mother's—just the same shape, though not so big—and the very purple flowers. It'll stand in the window where it'll get the sun, and it'll grow that big, it'll soon be up to the middle panes . . .' Then she remembered.

'It's all right, Loo; I'll mend the window on Monday, when I come home, and lots of other things. Never you mind, lass, there'll be a decent room soon, for the high ranger and the lad and . . . the rest o' 's," and Jim's arm crept round his wife's waist, while the councillor fussed—the aldermen did say he was a fussy fool—among the plants at the other end of the room.

'Well, Mrs. Tobin, have you settled to take the hydrangea? Jasmine Court, did you say? Chestnut Street, not a very sweet spot, eh? But you'll give the plant all the water that it needs, and as much sun as you can get. And I'm going to tell you something. I don't believe you'll be long in Jasmine Court—you'll be out in one of the new streets soon with your window like a flower-garden. Your man looks as if he were a good workman—he'll see to that. You keep eye on that hydrangea and live up to it.' And as Jim Tobin went out with Lucy by the side door carrying the hydrangea carefully, he did not make any speech, for that was not in his power, but he gave the councillor to understand that neither his wife nor he would go back on that hydrangea.

It meant two years' hard work, time and overtime, at his trade before Jim took a little house in a street not far from a park, and where the west wind rioted at his pleasure and the blinds had to be pulled down to keep out the sun. A proud man was he, and prouder was Lucy, his wife, when one Saturday evening they had put their new home to rights and, well dressed again, they went out for a saunter in the park. When they came to the corner of their street, they turned round both together as by an instinct, and they could see the window of their little parlour, and in the centre thereof, swelling in its glory was what Jim ever called the high ranger, in the setting of white curtains if you please, and suggesting a mahogany table and chairs.

'Pretty tidy, ain't it, lass?' said Tobin. 'Another sort of thing from Jasmine Court. That high ranger is what I call a city missionary.'

'God bless it,' said Lucy, 'and the councillor too'



## ALMS FOR OBLIVION.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

## I.

## A PAGAN CONVENTICLE IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

*Troilus and Cressida.*

TIME and Oblivion are indeed two potent genii; but human history is, in a certain measure, the record of their defeat. Time, as Peacock observes in parodying a flowery passage of Moore, has waited for a considerable portion of himself without having as yet overwhelmed the Pyramids; and if a period has been when it could be truthfully said that these edifices, 'doting with age, had forgotten the names of their founders,' modern research has found means to refresh their memory. The appositeness of Shakespeare's metaphor is nevertheless rather enhanced than impaired by the occasional retrieval of Oblivion's scraps from Time's wallet; and it has seemed to afford no unsuitable title for a series of short papers treating of some of the more interesting of such recoveries, whether made by others or by the writer himself. Most of these, indeed, cannot be said to have entirely passed out of human knowledge, but their condition has been practically one of total oblivion. Many of the curious in antiquarian matters were probably acquainted with 'the parchment-bound record of the Franceschini case,' but there was no 'Ring and Book' in it, until Browning 'picked it up on a stall of the Piazza San Lorenzo.'

The theme of Browning's great poem is, perhaps, strictly archæological discoveries apart, the most fruitful retrieval as yet effected from the wallet of Oblivion; but that with which it is proposed to inaugurate our series might have equal dramatic suggestiveness in equally gifted hands, while it is a much more exceptional page from the annals of the past. The story of Guido and Pompilia is interesting indeed, but it is just such a trans-action as anyone who should systematically explore the records of Italian seventeenth century jurisprudence might expect to encounter. But who could have believed that, nearly three hundred

years after Apollo's Pythoness had ascended the tripod for the last time, more than two hundred after the temples had fallen before the edict of Theodosius, a century after the schools of Athens had been closed by Justinian, contemporaneously even with the appearance of Mahomet, a Pagan conventicle, aiming at the restoration of the ancient religion, should have sat in conclave in Constantinople under the very nose of the Emperor Heraclius?

The history of the ascertainment of this circumstance is as remarkable as the circumstance itself, and evinces how widely criticism may go astray under the influence of preconceived ideas. All that can be learned respecting it must be deduced from a little dialogue, the '*Philopatris*,' written in the manner of Lucian, and always included in his works, although the ancient scholiasts themselves perceived that it could not be his. The association of his name with it, however, long blinded even the commentators who rejected its authenticity to its real purpose. The fate of Lucian's reputation has been a most curious one. His mordant attacks upon Paganism seem to have done him no sort of harm with the professors of the ancient religion, but to have drawn upon him the bitter hostility of the followers of the new, whose cause he indirectly served, and whose creed he can hardly be said to have assailed in any of his writings. He is nevertheless denounced by ecclesiastics in the most abusive terms, and a legend was invented for his benefit to the effect that he had been torn in pieces by dogs. So obstinate was the prepossession thus created, that it was taken for granted that any allusion to Christianity in a work written by or even attributed to him must be hostile and disparaging; and hence, although scholars rightly discerned that the '*Philopatris*' could not be from his pen, they were misled as to its design, and consequently as to its date. One point, indeed, was clear: the '*Philopatris*,' as its name imports, is the composition of an indignant patriot. The objects of attack are a mysterious knot of people whose dissent from the established religion leads them to desire the subversion of the State; who at a time of public anxiety meet in clandestine assemblies to rejoice over the misfortunes of their country, and to proffer aid and comfort to its enemies, but who at the end of the piece are confounded by tidings of the triumph of the Roman arms. Whom could Lucian, or an imitator of Lucian, have intended, if not the Christians?

When, therefore, the erudite Gesner made the first critical attempt to determine the date of the dialogue, he sought for a period of national tribulation which the Christians might be supposed to have viewed with complacency. His choice was circumscribed by his discovery that the dialogue could not be earlier than the age of Constantine, mention being made in it of an office—that of *ἐξισώτης*, or adjuster of taxation—created by that Emperor. Other internal evidence concurred to prove the scene to be laid at Constantinople. It must, therefore, be later than the foundation of that city; but what room remained for Christian discontent at a period when Christianity was dominant throughout the Empire? One brief interval alone seemed possible—that of the Pagan reaction under the Emperor Julian, whose death in his perilous Persian expedition might well have been welcome to his Christian subjects. Gesner, therefore, firmly convinced that he was dealing with an anti-Christian pamphlet, placed the date of composition under Julian, and supposed the hopes of the malcontents and the exultation of the loyal to be accounted for by the succession of rumours unfavourable and favourable from the seat of war, during the vicissitudes of the Emperor's Persian campaign. In framing this ingenious hypothesis, however, he overlooked, or rather wilfully minimised, two indications of date supplied by the dialogue itself. Allusion is made to a massacre of virgins in Crete, and among the results expected from the Emperor's triumph over the enemy is enumerated *the subjugation of Egypt*. The dialogue, therefore, must have been written at a time when Egypt was separated from the Empire, which was not the case under Julian; nor is there mention of any tragic event having occurred in Crete during his reign. There is, moreover, a distinct quotation from a creed which did not take shape until the end of the fourth or the middle of the fifth century. Gesner's opinion nevertheless found general acceptance with scholars.

The discovery of the real purpose of the dialogue was all but made by one whose perspicacity has advanced the study of antiquity in more important matters—no less a person than Niebuhr. Coming to it with an open mind, Niebuhr perceived what its casual association with Lucian had hidden from all previous commentators—that its tendency is not anti-Christian. That he did not go even further, and discern that heathenism, not Christianity, was the object of the writer's derision, was owing to the perplexity occasioned by its mention of a massacre in Crete.

He could find no record of such an event until the reconquest of the island from the Saracens by Nicephorus Phocas in the tenth century. Classical Paganism could not have endured until that age; hence Niebuhr was compelled to interpret the secret conventicles denounced in the dialogue as gatherings of a hostile clerical party—a view inconsistent with the atmosphere of the dialogue itself, as will be evident from a brief analysis of it. It is worth observing that, though universally known by its first title of ‘Philopatris,’ the *patriot*, it has a second title, *ὁ ἐκδιδασκόμενος*, the thoroughly *instructed*, denoting a more earnest purpose than the mere *Spiegelfechtere*i, or fencing with shadows, attributed to it by some German critics.

The dialogue is supposed to originate in a casual encounter. Triephon meets Critias, and is amazed by his distraught appearance. His hands are pressed to his ears, and when he is persuaded to remove them he explains that he is guarding against a repetition of the direful speeches he has recently heard from execrable sophists. Triephon compares his discomposure to the perturbation of the Propontis in a squall—a testimony to the Constantinopolitan origin of the dialogue; and after Critias has obtained some relief, the friends adjourn to a grove of planes, where swallows are twittering and nightingales singing—a valuable indication of the time of year when the events about to be alluded to took place. There Critias is to make his report of what he has heard, but Triephon pretends to be apprehensive that so terrible a tale may work evil even at second hand. Critias offers to swear by Zeus that no harm shall happen; but Triephon will have nothing to do with adjurations of heathen divinities, and rejects them one after the other, finally admonishing Critias to invoke ‘the high-ruling Deity, great, immortal, celestial; the Son of the Father; and the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father, one in three and three in one.’ As Triephon manifestly represents the author, it seems sufficiently clear that the author cannot have been a heathen, though doubts of his piety may well be aroused by an irreverent passage immediately succeeding, in which St. Paul seems to be ridiculed. It is also deserving of notice that the doctrine of the Procession of the Spirit from the Father is expressed in the very words of the Creed of the First Council of Constantinople (A.D. 381), which perhaps did not attain its present form until the middle of the fifth century. The dialogue must consequently be later than the age of Julian.

After another exhortation from Triephon, who, it not a very decorous Christian, is so little of a heathen as to declare that the Olympian hierarchy has become a *cottabus*—as we might say, an Aunt Sally—in the eyes of thinking men, Critias professes himself converted, and enters upon his story.

He had gone, he says, to the public market-place to make purchases, and there met an acquaintance, the 'adjuster of taxes' already mentioned, who must have been a formidable person indeed in those ages of fiscal rapacity. By him he is introduced to a pair of decrepit and shabby orators, who are endeavouring to stir up sedition by promises of the advent of some mysterious personage who is to redress prevailing grievances, mostly, as would appear, of a financial nature. It seems evident that these are recognisable portraits of persons well known in Constantinople. Critias expresses scepticism, and reminds the prophets that dreams go by contraries, but is assured that everything will be fulfilled by the month of Messori (August). It hardly seems probable that this Egyptian appellation for a month should have been current at Constantinople in the reign of Nicephorus Phocas, three centuries after the final loss of Egypt. He is then persuaded to accompany the malcontents to the upper storey of a mansion which, if his description of its iron gates, brazen corridors, and golden roof is to be taken literally, must be either a monastery or a palace. There he finds himself in the midst of a set of doleful personages, pallid and stooping, who ask eagerly if he bears the evil tidings they are craving to hear. His assertion that all is well with the State meets flat contradiction, to which his reply is substantially that of Mr. Gladstone to the House of Lords—that the inmates of the Upper Chamber are up in a balloon. They continue to predict tumults at home and disasters abroad, and assure Critias that their foresight is infallible, being derived from fasting all day and singing all night. In reply to his further remonstrances they pronounce the words of dread which reduce him to the state of collapse in which he was found by Triephon at the beginning of the dialogue. These he offers to impart, but Triephon, to our disappointment, will not suffer him, and recommends him to erase them from his memory by reciting the Lord's Prayer. At this point the dialogue is interrupted by the advent of a third interlocutor, Cleolaus, who appears running and leaping. Upon being hailed and questioned, it appears that his gambols are the effect of joy for the news of a

victory. Persian pride (literally 'the Persian eyebrow') is in the dust; the famous city of Susa is taken; Arabia—a detail probably to be explained by the Saracen invasion of Syria in 613—will shortly be reduced. The dialogue concludes with Triephton's aspiration that he may bequeath to his children the spectacle of Babylon in ruins, Egypt enslaved, the children of the Persians brought under the yoke, the incursions of the Scythians repressed, and the invaders cut to pieces; and with a double stroke against Paganism and disloyalty. 'But let us who have found and adored the Unknown God of Athens, uplifting our hands to heaven, thank Him that we have been deemed worthy to be the subjects of such an Empire as this, and leave others to their folly.'

It must be admitted that the 'execrable sophists,' pallid, bent double, and shut up fasting and singing at the top of a lofty edifice, might well be taken for monks; but they bear no less resemblance to heathen wizards convened to mutter spells at the instance of some wealthy and credulous aspirant to the Empire. The entire local colouring is discrepant with the ninth century; if heathenism has not still adherents in Constantinople a large portion of the dialogue has no point or sense. The monastic character, therefore, seems out of keeping with the mysterious personages, and the age of Heraclius is the very latest in which a *bona fide* survival of heathen beliefs and heathen practices is conceivable. It is further to be noted that, while discontented monks must always be dangerous, no peril is apprehended from these ill-wishers—they may safely be left to their folly. An adherent of the victorious Heraclius may well have thought so; but, as we shall shortly see, it is more than the Emperor Nicephorus would have said himself. Our author manifestly writes of what he knows, and is quite in earnest with his religion and patriotism, notwithstanding the tone of persiflage which he has adopted from his model Lucian. He shines, indeed, rather as a patriot than as a satirist, and is happier in copying Lucian's Attic style, than in appropriating his Attic salt. It is, of course, evident that he could have no idea of perpetrating a literary *supercherie*. A pamphlet treating of contemporary affairs, and designed to influence the public opinion of its day, could not be attributed to an author who had been dead more than four centuries. The ascription of the tract to Lucian was solely due to the close imitation of his manner, and probably was not made for several centuries, since the dialogue is only found in manuscripts of

very late date. It is, no doubt, indebted for its preservation to the misconception, for which, slight as is its literary worth, we may well be thankful. The pamphlet literature of the Byzantine Empire, of which Procopius's 'Secret History' may be regarded as the archetype, is humanly interesting as a proof that that Empire was actually alive. Lucretius tells us that armies of horse and foot, flashing in armour, though in violent agitation as they exercise a mimic war, appear at a distance like motionless sheets of light :—

*Et tamen est quidam locus altis montibus unde  
Stare videntur et in campis consistere fulgor.*

Conversely, the great formal Byzantine Empire, with its stiff creeds and official hierarchies, devoid of a new invention or a new idea, without a single painter of manners or a man of genius, other than of a practical order, appears an inert mass of anything rather than light, and it is only such a casual contact as this that reveals how picturesque and bustling was the inner life of the apparently inanimate community.

From this point of view, the dialogue is equally interesting to whatever age it may belong, but its significance largely depends upon the identity of the persons satirised in it. The age of Heraclius is assuredly the latest date at which the existence of anything resembling a heathen clique in Constantinople can be admitted; and the difficulty involved even in this admission might be thought serious but for the still greater difficulty of supposing Greek mythology to have formed a serious object for attack to a writer of the tenth century. This might have been conceivable if he had wished to pass his work off as Lucian's, but to have done so would have defeated his own object. On the other hand, the dialogue cannot have been written before the time of Heraclius, for among the author's concluding aspirations is one for the recovery of Egypt, which was never lost until the reign of that Emperor, when the Persians occupied it from 616 to 628. The term employed to denote the expected reconquest—'enslavement'—does indeed create a difficulty, but not so great as that of imagining that the recovery of a possession lost for three hundred years should have been anticipated in the tenth century. We are also bound to give a generally intelligent author credit for knowing his own meaning, and to assume that when he speaks of 'Persian superciliousness,' he intends the superciliousness of Persians, and not that of Saracens. Even, therefore, if the Cretan



allusion remained inexplicable, it would be reasonable to fix the date of the 'Philopatris' between 626 and 628 A.D., and hence in the reign of Heraclius.

Two German scholars, Gutschmid and Crampe, however, by an ingenious combination of the mention by George of Pisidia, the laureate of Heraclius, of maritime expeditions by the Avars, then pressing the Empire from the north, with the Syrian Presbyter Thomas's testimony to a Slavonic expedition against Crete in 623, appear to have removed the difficulty. Crampe, whose '*Philopatris: ein heidnisches Konventikel*' (Halle, 1894), is now the standard authority on the subject, would place this invasion in 621, to suit his own views as to the exact date of the composition of the 'Philopatris,' which we cannot but deem mistaken. Guided by indications which appear to us fallacious, he refers this to the winter of 622 or the spring of 623. It cannot be the winter, for, as we have seen, the tidings of victory are received while the nightingale is in full song. The campaign of 623 did not open until April, which scarcely allows time for the news of Heraclius's successes to reach Constantinople at the period required. Nor, important as they were, did these victories include the capture of any of the chief cities of Persia. The fall of illustrious Susa could not yet have been proclaimed without extravagant hyperbole. The successful termination of the war in 628, however, would justify the exultation of the writer, and fulfil every chronological requisite. The death of the vanquished King of Persia took place on February 28, 628, and we are expressly informed that the news reached Constantinople on May 15, when the nightingale would be singing, and the nights short, as required by another passage in the dialogue. This, therefore, is the especial incident to which we suppose the writer to allude, and the date which we should assign for the composition of his piece. It must be stated, however, that the latest investigator of the subject, Rohde, in an essay in the '*Byzantinische Zeitschrift*,' vol. 5, adheres to Niebuhr's view. Perceiving, nevertheless, the necessity of finding some important victory to correspond with the fall of Susa proclaimed at the end of the dialogue, he identifies this with the capture of Antioch in A.D. 969. In so doing he overlooks two considerations. The capture did not occur in spring, as the dialogue requires, but, according to Zonaras, in the depth of winter. In the second place, singularly enough, it was so far from being a subject of unmixed congratulation that it actually

excited the displeasure of the person to whom the writer of the dialogue professes himself chiefly devoted, the Emperor himself. Alarmed by a prophecy that he would not long survive the taking of Antioch (nor did he), Nicephorus had forbidden his general to assault the city. A subordinate officer, finding a vulnerable point in the defences, seized upon it, and demanded support from his commander, which could not be refused. The advantage was followed up, and the city was taken contrary to the Emperor's orders, and so much to his dissatisfaction that he imprisoned the over-zealous subaltern in his own house.

If the document really belongs to the age of Heraclius, few results of modern research are more striking than this exhumation of a Pagan secret society in the seventh century, a generation after Augustine had begun the conversion of England. It would be most interesting could we gain access to these last representatives of an expiring creed through a more sympathetic channel, and learn from themselves how the world of their day appeared to them, and how they could imagine that the old order of things stood any chance of restoration in the time of Heraclius. A mere revival of classic ideals such as long afterwards inspired the Renaissance cannot have been in their minds. They must have contemplated the restoration of temples and sacrifices. This may seem sheer lunacy; it certainly was not sanity. Yet, some mitigating circumstances deserve to be taken into consideration. Degenerate as these Byzantines may have been, their connection with classical antiquity was far closer than any which we can attain to. What we can only realise by an effort of the imagination was a part of their daily life. They spoke the language, they possessed the literature, they enjoyed the climate, they were surrounded by the sculptures of Athens. To become Hellenes, we must turn the whole structure of our life upside down; they, as they deemed, had merely to get rid of some modern excrescences. The circumstances of their time must also be taken into account. The seventh century was perhaps the most miserable period in the history of mankind. Never since the invention of writing had the lamps of knowledge and culture burned so low; never had European civilisation been in more imminent peril of extinction. Men might well think that some change was needed; and, unable as most are to look forward, what wonder if some looked back? But another and less creditable reason had probably more weight than all the rest. Man

yearns for dealings with the incomprehensible, and the incomprehensible, which for the higher class of minds means the problems of philosophy or science, for the lower class means magic. It is to the honour of Christianity to have proscribed magical arts, but in so doing it impaired its influence over a large portion of mankind. The condemnation, moreover, was more adapted to promote than to discourage the pursuit of magic, being based upon moral, not intellectual, grounds. Christians did not forbid sorcery because they disbelieved in it, but because they believed. Men naturally resented being debarred from a study whose importance was admitted, and the believer in spells and incantations inevitably gravitated towards the heathenism which tolerated rather than the Christianity which forbade. Most of the conspicuous opponents of Christianity after Constantine were more or less addicted to magic, and there are clear traces of it in the mysterious synod described in the 'Philopatris.'

Imagination may easily transform the shadows of this long-forgotten group into mortals, and an imagination endowed with the reconstructive power of the author of a 'Last Days of Pompeii' or a 'Quo Vadis' might find material for a brilliant historical picture. In the pages of such a writer we should encounter the sage wedded to the lore of the past; the fanatic avenger of the desecrated altars of antiquity; the romantic youth allured by the vision of a revived Hellas; the patriot loathing the barbarism and misery of the time; the magician and his dupes, longing to carry on dark practices under the ægis of a restored heathenism; woman inspired as priestess or enthusiastic as daughter or lover; in the background the Persian agent and the Imperial spy; at the *dénouement*, the martial figure of Heraclius, the Alexander of his age, returning like Cœur de Lion to set all right. Scott hardly wielded such resources when he undertook his own Byzantine romance. Should any deem this Pagan conventicle thus depicted, even though historical, too palpably and absurdly impotent to awaken a serious interest, they might be reminded that the seventh century, if one of the most deplorable ages in human history, was also one of the most fertile in dramatic surprises, and one of those which have most convincingly proved that the weak things of the world may be chosen to confound the mighty. They themselves, if shown the contemporary figures of the objects of the derision of the Pseudo-Lucian and of a barefooted Arab steering his camels amid the drought of the desert—and if assured

that the fate of the East lay in the hands of one of the two, and invited to determine which—might probably have reposed their anticipations upon the conclave of Constantinople rather than upon the camel-driver of Mecca.

When the apparent disproportion of his means to his achievements is considered, this Arabian camel-driver may well appear the greatest conqueror that the earth has ever known. It is not always remembered what efficient though unconscious allies he had among the potentates of the earth. The strife of Heraclius and Chosroes cleared the way for him. By immoderately depressing Persia Heraclius made the country an easy prey to the Saracens, and in giving them Persia he gave them Syria, and Egypt, and Africa, and Spain. The fault was not his: he had repeatedly offered honourable terms of peace, rejected by Persian pride. But the ultimate results of the victory acclaimed by our author with such natural exultation were probably more disastrous to Christendom than those of any defeat it ever sustained. Πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων.

## *AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENTS IN THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER COLONIES*

AFTER the events of the last two years Englishmen have no excuse if they do not know things in South Africa 'as they really are.' Of all the many unwelcome and unexpected truths which have been burnt into the mind of England by the war, perhaps the most unwelcome is the fact that the enemy has received more or less open assistance from the country population wherever he went, with the exception of the immediate neighbourhood of the few considerable towns. This has been the case not merely in the territory of the late Republics; it was the same in Northern Natal and in the greater part of the Cape Colony. The circumstance was the more surprising in view of the small numerical superiority possessed by the Franco-Dutch population over the British colonists. Taking the European population as it was before the war broke out, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that there were then in South Africa 450,000 Dutch, 400,000 English, and 50,000 foreigners. How was it that with this small numerical superiority the Dutch inhabitants of South Africa were able, after placing 50,000 or 60,000 men in the field against the British forces, to render practically the whole of the immense area covered by the war as hostile as France or German territory would have been in the event of a British invasion? The answer is as simple as it is significant. Owing to economic and political conditions, arising in some cases out of events more than two centuries old, the Dutch population is to be found spread over karoo, veldt, and uplands, while the British is concentrated at the ports or on the mines. As the result of this distribution the Dutch have obtained a grip of the country far firmer than their mere numbers would warrant.

The material separation of the two nationalities has been accompanied by an equally marked moral separation. The natural antipathy of tastes and pursuits which distinguishes the countryman and the townsman has deepened and emphasised the original divergences of character which tended to separate the two nationalities, and prevented the amalgamation which might otherwise have taken place. Of course something has

been done during the century of British rule to obliterate race distinctions. Business relations have brought the Dutch farmers into contact with the English townsmen ; and a small number of Englishmen have gone on to the land and sought a livelihood in agriculture and stock-raising. The old Dutch families in the neighbourhood of Capetown have married into the English community which has for many years been established at the seat of government. Again, more recently, when Mr. Cecil Rhodes placed young Englishmen as managers on his fruit farms in the Paarl and Stellenbosch districts, it was found that these new arrivals soon overcame the suspicions with which they were at first regarded, and in some cases intermarried with their Dutch neighbours. But in spite of these and other modifying influences the broad fact remains that up to the present the Dutch are on the land, while the English are in the towns or round the mines. The people of the two nationalities have been kept apart by this difference in their pursuits, and the separation undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to the political differences which culminated in the war. And when the struggle came, the Dutch non-combatants, being spread over practically the whole area affected by the war, were able to render effective assistance to the Boer forces, and thereby to materially increase the physical difficulties encountered by the British army. In short, the Dutch population, owing to their grip of the land, are worth much more, man for man, than the British, alike in respect of the rifle and the ballot-box.

The significance of this analysis lies in the fact that it points unmistakably to an English agricultural immigration as the most hopeful expedient for the permanent reconciliation of the Dutch and English settlers in South Africa. What is wanted is not merely fresh English immigrants. These are wanted, because (to mention one point only) the Federal Constitution which the political and economic needs of the South African colonies pre-eminently require cannot be established until there is a loyal majority. And events have shown that, unhappily, a loyal majority is almost, if not absolutely, synonymous with a British majority. The theory of the ultimate loyalty of the Afrikaner population in the Cape Colony is one of those optimistic beliefs which a year of disillusionment has destroyed. What is wanted especially is an English immigration which will assist directly in the mingling of the two nationalities. For this purpose it is obvious that the kind

of British immigrants who are attracted by the industrial requirements of South Africa—the kind of immigrants who have, in fact, hitherto been supplied by England—mechanics, miners, clerks, and the like—are not sufficient. A larger British industrial population will help; but what is especially required to effect the object in question is a number of British settlers who will live on the land, mingle in the pursuits, and share the interests of the Dutch farmers, and thus break down the barrier of separation which has prevailed so long and with such disastrous results.

Before considering how settlers of this class can be provided, it will be useful to glance briefly at the British immigration of 1820, which was undertaken mainly with political ends in view. At that date the Cape was a British possession, but not a British colony. What was wanted, then as now, was a British population. In the year 1819-20 about 5,000 British immigrants were landed at Algoa Bay, and thus for the first time a considerable British population was introduced into South Africa. The determining circumstances which led to the Albany Settlement, as it was called, were these. It was felt that a British community would steady the Boers in the eastern districts of the colony. These Boers had already given proof in the Bezuidenhout rebellion of their readiness to resist the ordinances introduced by the British Government to regulate their dealings with the natives. It was also thought that these British settlers would form a natural rampart against the incursions of the Kafir tribes to which the eastern frontier of the colony was then continuously exposed. The settlement was eventually successful. It is to these Albany settlers and their descendants that we owe Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, and the present British population of the Eastern provinces in the Cape Colony. But mistakes were made which might have been avoided with advantage both to the settlers and the British Government; and a knowledge of these mistakes can scarcely fail to be of service in view of the proposal to establish the same kind of settlements with much the same political objects in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies to-day.

An instructive review of the whole circumstances of the Albany Settlement is to be found in the pages of George Thompson's *'Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.'* The book was published in 1827, and the author tells us that he had acquired his information in the course of eight years' residence at the Cape. The scheme, he says, was defective, but 'the



propriety of the measure as a matter of policy is equally unquestionable.' He attributes the partial failure of the settlement to three causes, of which the first two have a direct bearing upon the present issue: (1) The plan of allotting only 100 acres to each family or adult male was 'incompatible with the character of the soil and climate;' (2) the emigrants of the class of distressed artisans from the great towns were 'ill adapted to the occupation of a new country.' The necessity for an ample acreage is enforced by the following passage, which throws a useful light upon the conditions necessary for successful farming in South Africa. It also reveals the fact (which is notorious) that the British Government, in its anxiety to remove any possible cause of complaint from the alien population which it was called upon to govern, placed the English settlers at a disadvantage as compared with the Dutch—a mistaken policy which has been pursued *mutatis mutandis* to the present day.

'It is evident that the success of the settlers has hitherto been very unequal to that of the boors (*sic*). If the cause were asked in Cape Town, it would be probably answered, that the difference arises from the dissimilarity of their habits; that the settlers sent out were of the wrong description; and that instead of people likely to establish themselves on farms, they appeared to consist of all the discontented artisans of the kingdom. Without examining the truth of this statement, it must be evident that no just comparison can be drawn between the success of the Dutch and English, until it is seen how they are respectively situated. A boor, upon discovering water on a sufficient quantity of unoccupied land, forwards through the secretary of his district what he terms a "request" for a place—that is, a memorial, asking for a grant of 6,000 acres; and he will hardly pay the expense of measurement for less than 4,000 acres. His memorial is referred for report to the Landdrost; and if there exists no real local objection, and the applicant prevents competition by securing the favour of that powerful officer, the land is granted as a matter of course. It is inspected and measured at an expense of from 300 to 600 rix-dollars. The annual quit-rent is fixed at the inspection, and is generally from thirty to fifty rix-dollars, perhaps about one per cent. upon the estimated value. If it happens to afford water sufficient for his own use, and a small spot for cultivation, he perhaps resides on it with two or three slaves or Hottentots; but although his tenure requires residence and cultivation, he is not

in reality obliged to conform to it. The occupation is considered sufficient for all the purposes of Government, if he pays his quit-rent, and is enabled, by removing his cattle to it for part of the year, to keep a greater stock, and pay a larger *opgaaf*.

'To become entitled to an equal extent, an English settler must have brought out (at the expense of Government, it is true) fifty-nine servants; he must have paid for each of them a deposit of 10*l.*, amounting to the full value of his land; he must employ and maintain them for three years, unless assisted by Government, at an expense of at least six times the value of his land; and he must have gone to all this expense before he knows upon what terms he is to possess it at last. He is only certain that his quit-rent shall not exceed 120*l.*, twenty-five per cent. upon the value of his land, or about twenty-five times the sum paid by the neighbouring boors; and the sole advantage which the settler possesses over the boor, in the mode of his location, is, that the expense of measurement is defrayed by Government.'<sup>1</sup>

The second cause of the partial failure of the Albany Settlement was the fact that the wrong sort of emigrants were sent out. The artisans were not only unsuitable as being townsmen, and therefore unaccustomed to country pursuits, but these emigrants of the working class, even when they were agricultural labourers, had so little capital that they could only take up allotments of 100 acres, and these small allotments could not be properly worked. In point of fact the profits arising from such small holdings were less than the wages which the immigrants could command, and consequently these working-class settlers gave up their farms when once the Government ceased to issue rations. As showing the error of placing immigrants on the land without sufficient capital, Thompson remarks that 'the fairest qualification to entitle individuals to grants of land' is 'the possession of adequate means,' adding that nine-tenths of the original Albany settlers failed to satisfy the test. At the same time, the few settlers possessing adequate means were prevented from benefiting by their capital through the limitation of the area of their holdings to 500 acres, an extent which was too small for profitable farming. One thing more is to be noticed. In spite of mistaken methods, and in spite of physical disasters which no one could foresee or prevent, the Albany settlers 'muddled through.' Seven

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Thompson from a paper 'drawn up by a gentleman of talent and experience, residing in the district,' p. 337.

years of trials and privations, says Thompson, have made the settlers 'hardy and expert colonists.'

The conditions which obtained in 1820-27 have been since modified in more than one material point. It is now recognised that the deficiency—or rather irregularity—of the rainfall in South Africa must be obviated by water storage and irrigation works, and large schemes of irrigation have been already projected by the Colonial Government in the Cape Colony. The industrial development of the last fifteen years, consequent upon the establishment of the gold industry in the Transvaal, has been accompanied by the construction of main trunk lines of railway; and it is possible to connect new agricultural districts with these main lines by light railways, and thus secure a profitable market in the towns and mining centres for the produce of comparatively remote agricultural settlements.

Even so, it would be useless to think of settling English immigrants on the land unless they are provided with sufficient capital and supplied with holdings of adequate extent. Remembering that the object of such settlements is not merely to increase the British population, but to increase that population in such a way as to directly contribute to the amalgamation of the two nationalities, two proposals which have commended themselves to the most competent local opinion seem to be especially worthy of consideration. These proposals are the formation of irrigation settlements for military settlers, and the establishment of English yeomen, or sons of country gentlemen, on pastoral farms side by side with the Dutch farmers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. The purpose of the first plan is to provide homes for suitable settlers chosen from among the British forces at present in South Africa—Reservists, Imperial and Colonial Yeomanry, and South African Constabulary—and thus form a permanent British population capable of military service if occasion required. The financial justification for the scheme consists in the consideration that the presence of these English settlers would reduce the number and cost of the police which the Administration of the two colonies will be called upon to maintain. It is suggested that in these military settlements the Russian system of combining small agricultural holdings with communal grazing lands should be followed. If this proposal is adopted commissioners would be appointed by the Administration to select suitable districts, which would be acquired by purchase—

if necessary, under compulsory powers—from the present owners. Lands on the Vaal River near Potchefstroom, the neighbourhood of Rustenburg, and the country round the Apies River north of Pretoria are mentioned as suitable for the purpose. In these, or other districts chosen, irrigation works would be projected by qualified officials, borrowed probably from the irrigation services in India or Egypt; and each settler would then be allotted a holding of irrigated land, varying in extent according to the productive capacity of the settlement, but in all cases sufficient for the support of himself and his family, with grazing rights over the unirrigated land assigned to the settlers in common. In addition he would also be provided, wholly or in part, with seeds and implements.

As these settlers would be liable to military service and consequently required to drill at regular intervals, it is proposed to pay them a yearly salary of 25*l.* with a horse allowance of 12*l.*, amounting with other special allowances to an average maximum of 50*l.* The construction of the irrigation works, and of the light railways necessary to bring the settlements into communication with the main lines giving access to the town markets, would of course be a matter of time. But during the period of preparation the intended settlers would continue their present military duties, or, if their services were no longer required, the yearly stipend together with occasional employment in the towns would give them a means of subsistence until the allotments were ready for them. It is estimated that an expenditure of 3,000,000*l.* would enable the commissioners to place 4,000 British military settlers on the land in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies on these terms.

The second plan is directly intended to produce the amalgamation of the two nationalities, by placing British colonists of the yeoman class side by side with the Dutch farmers. For this purpose it is proposed to acquire by purchase a considerable number of the best farms now under cultivation, and to advance the capital necessary for stocking and working them to immigrants chosen by an Emigration Board in England. On the conclusion of hostilities there will be a large number of farms in the market in both colonies, and it is expected that these farms could be secured on reasonable terms by private purchase. Assuming that good land could be obtained at 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre, and that each farm would be not less than 4,000 acres in extent—the area which

experience shows is the minimum for profitable farming in South Africa—it is estimated that each yeoman would require 1,500*l.* for the purchase of land, 1,000*l.* for a thousand sheep, 600*l.* for fifty head of cattle, and (say) 900*l.* for improvements and the purchase of a waggon and oxen, with other initial expenditure on capital account. The sum of 4,000*l.*, made up of these items, is to be advanced by the Administration, but the settler would himself require some additional capital for the expenses of emigration. To provide 2,000 yeomen settlers with a capital of 4,000*l.* each would entail a total advance of 8,000,000*l.*; but the settler would be required to pay an annual sum sufficient to cover the interest on the loan and provide for a sinking fund of 1 per cent. Assuming that this charge amounted to 4 per cent. upon his capital, he would have to pay 160*l.* per annum, beside providing for himself and his family, before he began to make profits. This charge would be equivalent to rent, with the significant difference that the settler, thanks to the provision for a sinking fund, would eventually become owner of his farm.<sup>1</sup>

It remains to consider the important question of how the funds for giving effect to these proposals are to be raised. Taking the figures which have been given—an expenditure of 3,000,000*l.* on 4,000 military settlers, and an advance of 8,000,000*l.* to 2,000 yeomen—and adding another million for cost of administration and initial expenses, we get a total of 12,000,000*l.* as the capital sum required. This figure may be too little or too much, but it affords at least a workable basis for considering the financial aspect of the question. It would be unreasonable to expect the British taxpayer to provide this sum in addition to the cost of the war, which has already exceeded all expectation. Nor is there any necessity for making the demand. Thanks to the gold industry the Transvaal is a colony which can afford to provide funds for the development of its agricultural resources, and for the maintenance of peace and order. It is quite true that the cost will fall practically on the gold industry. But it is also true that this industry will benefit more than any other interest by the establishment of British rule. If, therefore, the Home Government lends its credit and provides the settlers, or the bulk of them, the

<sup>1</sup> The grain-growing district known as the 'conquered territory' in the Orange River Colony is suggested as especially suitable for yeomen settlers. It extends for about 100 miles to the east of Bloemfontein along the Basuto border. It has a periodic rainfall, and native labour could be readily obtained from Basutoland.

Colonial Administration should be able to do the rest. If the 12,000,000*l.* required for these proposals was borrowed with an Imperial guarantee, it could be raised at 3 per cent. or less, and this interest, with an additional 1 per cent. for sinking fund, would render the new colonies responsible for an annual charge of 480,000*l.* The stipends of the 4,000 military settlers would cost another 200,000*l.*; but on the other hand the 2,000 yeomen settlers should pay interest and sinking fund on the 8,000,000*l.* collectively advanced to them. This would leave the Transvaal and Orange River Administration charged with 4 per cent. on 4,000,000*l.* *plus* the stipends of the military settlers—that is, with 360,000*l.*—with an ultimate liability for 680,000*l.* per annum. If the taxation necessary for the purposes of the loan be assumed to fall exclusively upon the gold industry, the shareholders will have no reason to complain. A moderate estimate<sup>1</sup> of the annual economic loss directly inflicted upon the Randt industries under Boer government places the amount at between two and two and a half millions sterling. The heaviest items in the account were 1,000,000*l.* of excessive charges annually exacted by the Netherlands Railway, and 350,000*l.* extra cost of dynamite due to the monopoly. But apart from these economic exactions, a competent authority<sup>2</sup> has estimated that in the years immediately preceding the war, only one-fourth of the 5,000,000*l.* of revenue raised by the Boer Government in the Transvaal was spent upon legitimate purposes of administration. It is obvious, therefore, that after ample provision for the maintenance of a garrison of British Regular troops and a strong force of constabulary, the new Administration should be able to provide for the service of the Emigration Loan, and yet show a handsome reduction of taxation on the gold-fields and the auxiliary industries connected with them.

It must be remembered also that this expenditure is reproductive, and that the interest on the loan will come back eventually in the shape of increased revenue. Moreover, the Emigration Loan might be considered as the Transvaal's contribution to the expense of the war. That is to say, the Imperial Government, instead of charging the Transvaal and Orange River Administration with a

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Cooper Key's articles on the past and future of the Randt at p. 254 of Mr. Buttery's *Why Kruger made War*.

<sup>2</sup> The late W. G. Campbell, late Vice-President of the Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg, in *British Africa*, being Volume II. of the British Empire Series, London, 1899.

proportion of the war debt, might accept an undertaking to expend (say) from twelve to twenty millions sterling in the promotion of British immigration into the two colonies.

One word in conclusion. The desperate measures to which the guerilla leaders have resorted to keep the burghers in the field mark the dying struggle of the Boer system. In the South Africa of the future no half-measures can be tolerated. The long and disastrous contest between Boer and English principles must be definitely closed, and the establishment of an English country population will make it all the easier for the Boer to yield with a good grace. In all countries the land-owning classes have identified themselves in a peculiar degree with the national aspirations and traditions. Rightly or wrongly, the Boer has refused up to the present to regard the Englishman as more than a bird of passage; and there is no doubt that this refusal to allow that an Englishman can have an equal stake in South Africa is mainly due to the fact that the English colonists have gone to the towns, while the Dutch have remained in almost undisturbed possession of the soil. If the establishment of an English population on the land had no other effect than to remove this feeling, the necessary expenditure of capital would be amply justified. But it will do more than this. Unless any unforeseen influences should intervene it will lead, through intermarriages, to the amalgamation of the two peoples. In other words, it will solve the nationality difficulty.

Apart from the political object, the conversion of the Dutch country population to loyalty, and the consequent retention of them as a permanent element in the federal South Africa of the future, is in itself a matter of considerable economic significance. In the Australasian colonies, and in the United States of America, the crowding of the population into the great towns is already recognised as an unwelcome feature in the social life of these countries. A population such as the Boers, which clings resolutely to the soil, is therefore an economic feature which deserves to be carefully maintained. In South Africa the necessity for a strong rural element in the European population is the more necessary owing to the presence of the dark-skinned majority. To convert this section of the European population to loyalty, and at the same time to strengthen it by fresh recruits, should be the immediate task of British statesmanship in South Africa.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.



## A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

## IV.

AN eminent publicist, having attained a coveted distinction, was entertained by his disappointed competitors and other friends at a banquet. In responding to the toast of his health the hero of the occasion expressed a lively satisfaction at seeing himself surrounded by so many men of intellectual eminence, for, said he, it had always been his aim in life to associate with those who were intellectually his superiors. Whereupon Lord Houghton, who had been a little fatigued by the oratorical exercises of the evening, exclaimed in a stertorous undertone, 'By G—, it wasn't difficult to do that!'

Well, I am of the same mind as the Publicist, and my desire—not easily gratified in Stuccovia—has always been to rub shoulders with the learned and the literary.

It is one of the privileges of authorship, even on the humblest scale, that it may bring the author into correspondence with men of similar tastes and superior information. Thus Horace Walpole corresponded with Sir Horace Mann, and Gilbert White with Thomas Pennant, and Mr. Casaubon with Carp of Brasenose.

So, if I may compare small things with great, these humble extracts from my log-book have brought me a letter from the learned editor of '*Hiccadocius De Barbis Judæorum*' (an author originally discovered, I believe, by the late Rev. F. E. Paget).

A minute and scrupulous exactness in the use of words—a verbal ἀκρίβεια, if I may so express myself—has ever been the characteristic of true scholars; and a playful insistence on the precise shades of meaning has been the material of their mutual pleasantry. 'A dictionary, now!' exclaimed Dr. Strong's admirer. 'What a useful work a dictionary is! What a necessary work! The meanings of words! Without Doctor Johnson, or somebody of that sort, we might have been at this present moment calling an Italian-iron a bedstead.'

I am led to these reflections, which I feel have something in common with the Diversions of Purley, by the acute criticism of

my learned correspondent. Last month I ventured to express dislike of the epithet 'well groomed,' as applied by Pennialinus to the young Tories in the House of Commons; and I affirmed (or 'claimed,' as Pennialinus himself would say) that it meant nothing more than 'well dressed.' But the Editor of 'Hiccadocius,' in a letter which bears the Cambridge post-mark, takes me to task, and says, 'The odious expression, in my mind, implies also that particular neatness and glossiness of hair which you notice in A.D.C.'s, Guardsmen, 10th Hussars, and a few of the younger nobility, and Eton boys.'

This criticism, proceeding from an authoritative quarter, set me, as Burke says, on thinking. Does 'well groomed' necessarily imply a certain quality or condition of the hair? And what is the characteristic which is common to the hair of A.D.C.'s, Guardsmen, 10th Hussars, young nobility, and Eton boys?

The moment I approached this quest I felt myself heavily handicapped by my insufficient familiarity with smart society. I hope my readers have long since inferred, even though a self-respecting reticence forbade me to declare it, that both my wife and I are exceedingly well born. My wife was one of the Topham Sawyers, of The Sawpits. The head of my family is a baronet, and would have had a peerage long before this, only the Conservative Whip rudely said that if he desired that elevation he would have to put his Bloody Hand into his pocket. But *stemmata quid faciunt*? In these plutocratic days a long pedigree unsupported by a long purse gives no access to the circles where my critic is so terribly at ease. As to Eton boys, their rapacity in the matter of tips has long made me a stranger to their society. The younger nobility treats the dances of Stuccovia with the contempt they merit, and something more. As to the Guards and the 10th Hussars, we should be as likely to entertain the Crowned Heads of Europe and the College of Cardinals. Indeed, my wife thinks herself uncommonly lucky if she can induce a spring captain of the Loamshire Regiment—the 'old Blow Hards,' they are affectionately called—to 'fling his radiance' (as the late Mr. J. R. Green would say) over our smartest dinner-party of the season. There was, indeed, one instance out of all those cited by my critic with which I felt a kind of vague familiarity—the instance of the A.D.C.'s. But on reflection even that familiarity seems to resolve itself into a reminiscence of one of Mr. Surtees's sporting novels, where the

arrival of an A.D.C. at a watering-place causes a social flutter until it is discovered that he is an Assistant Drainage Commissioner.

I therefore retire from a conflict for which I am so imperfectly equipped, and concede my critic's proposition that 'well groomed' involves a well-brushed head as well as a well-cut coat and well-creased trousers and well-varnished boots.

I turn from the abstract to the concrete, and ask myself and my wife whether we can lay our finger on a well-groomed man in Stuccovia. My wife replies, a little inconsequently, 'Well, I always think Mr. Soulsby looks very nice.' And certainly he is effective in church. His beard is fair and neatly trimmed. His hair is parted in the middle. Pomatum adds its artful aid, and trains his hyacinthine locks over his thoughtful brow. His Oxford M.A. hood is so arranged as to display the maximum of crimson and the minimum of black. He wears an embroidered stole, red or white, green or violet, as the case may be. His surplice is very short, his cassock very long, and made of purple silk as a memorial of Queen Victoria's second jubilee—a piece of symbolism, not on the face of it obvious, which he borrowed from the Savoy Chapel, but which might have proceeded from the Savoy Theatre. Yes, I think Mr. Soulsby is 'well groomed,' though I certainly could not call him well dressed.

It is sometimes easiest to illustrate one's meaning by negative examples; and our excellent M.P., Mr. Barrington-Bounderley, whom I have just met in Stucco Gardens, is neither well dressed nor even well groomed. He wears a turned-down collar of the new type, much too high for his short neck, and a red tie in a sailor's knot. He has celebrated the return of spring by putting on a white waistcoat and brown boots; but, as the air is still chilly, he wears a great coat with a fur collar, and thick trousers of a conspicuous check. I protest that I would rather be appalled like our curate, young Bumpstead, whom I saw returning from his Easter Monday trip in a college 'blazer,' a Roman collar, grey knickerbockers, and a straw hat.

The mention of Easter reminds me that before these poor words see the light May will be upon us. Ere long the asparagus will wave its feathery branches, and the voice of the plover will be heard in the land. To the jaded Londoner these symptoms of returning summer mean more, far more, than the dog-rose in the hedgerow, and the first note of the nightingale in the copse.

*Nunc formosissimus annus.* Let us rise betimes, and go forth to taste the freshness of the dawn.

Those who know Bond Street only in the blaze of fashionable hours can form but an imperfect conception of its matutinal charm when it is still shady and fresh; when there are no carriages, rarely a cart, and passers-by gliding about on real business. One feels as in some continental city. Then there are time and opportunity to look at the shops; and there is no street in the world that can furnish such a collection, filled with so many objects of beauty, curiosity, and interest. The jewellers and goldsmiths and dealers in rare furniture—porcelain, and cabinets, and French pictures—have long fixed upon Bond Street as their favourite quarter, and are not chary of displaying their treasures; though it may be a question whether some of the magazines of fancy food—delicacies culled from all the climes and regions of the globe—may not, in their picturesque variety, be the most attractive. ‘The palm, perhaps, would be given to the fishmongers, with their exuberant exhibitions, grouped with skill, startling often with strange forms, dazzling with prismatic tints, and breathing the invigorating redolence of the sea.’

Those last words are remarkable. Lord Beaconsfield, who wrote them, was probably the only human being who ever enjoyed the smell of a fishmonger's shop on a summer morning; and yet in some sense and degree I share his rapture. I love that smell, not for what it is but for what it implies. The opulent profusion of the shop says that the austerity of March is over.

‘Salmon is y-comen in.’

Lent lies behind us, and ‘High Tea’ no longer slays its thousands. My wife is Ritualistic; and, in spite of her personal devotion to Mr. Soulsby, she sometimes craves for more substantial fare than is provided at St. Ursula's. All through the autumn and winter,

‘Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive  
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.’

But when Lent begins, my wife and her unmarried sister, who stays a good deal with us, long, like Chaucer's folk, to go on pilgrimages: and pilgrimages are fatally inconsistent with dinner. The experiences of more Lents than I care to enumerate have made me quick to recognise the earliest signs of this anti-prandial pietism. It begins like this, after Choral Mattins on Sunday. ‘It is a pity you weren't in church this morning. Mr. Soulsby

was quite at his best. He preached on Street Music and Morals, showing how the one affects the other. It was so like him—wonderfully suggestive and all that. Still I feel in Lent that one wants something a little more dogmatic, and so does Bertha. So, if you don't mind very much, I think we will have High Tea on Fridays till Easter, and go to some really good church afterwards. This will not interfere with Mr. Soulsby's Wednesday lectures.'

Thus the temptress. Man, weak man, yields to the fatal suggestion; and for six successive Fridays his evening meal consists of tea-cake, honey, sardines, and potted shrimps, 'washed down,' as Pennialinus would say, 'with copious draughts' of beverages which neither inebriate nor cheer. These vindictive viands despatched, we sally forth in a four-wheeler, my wife and her sister on the front seat and I with my back to the horse. Simple seekers after truth, we bump uncomplainingly through frost and fog to the Holy Places of orthodoxy. One night we rub shoulders with Duchesses at St. Barnabas, Pimlico; another, we are pelted with Holborn mud by the gutter-children of St. Alban's. On all alike we come back cold and cross and tired and dyspeptic, but sustained by the consciousness that we are 'keeping Lent.' Well, it is over now, and words fail to express the thankfulness with which I return to the easy-going attractions of the Church-round-the-Corner, even though qualified by Mr. Soulsby's unctuous rhetoric, and the ill-timed jocularly of 'Blazer' Bumpstead.

But my happiness in the return of summer is this year not quite unalloyed. There is a fly in the ointment. At the best of times I am not as well off as I should like to be, or as I feel that I ought to be. Fortunately, we have no family, save in so far as my wife's brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces supply that felt want. Stuccovia, though even excruciatingly genteel, is an inexpensive quarter; and, by the habitual practice of a scrupulous economy, we have hitherto maintained a decorous appearance. We are not, indeed, 'carriage-people,' as the phrase runs in Stuccovian circles; but our door is opened by a dingy retainer in a well-worn dress suit, who somehow reminds one of a visit to the dentist's. I belong to two clubs. My wife is always correctly, if not becomingly, dressed, and the head of my family sends us every summer a haunch of venison, which imparts something of a feudal air to our modest mode of entertaining.

But this year these glories of our life and state are threatened with eclipse. Whatever else happens, the Income Tax must go up, and, like Burke, I cannot contemplate that elevation without profound emotion. When the Tories cut down Prince Albert's proposed annuity from 50,000*l.* a year to 30,000*l.*, he remarked, with admirable philosophy, that he must reduce his subscriptions. So must we; and, fortunately, at St. Ursula's the secretive alms-bag has long superseded the too patent plate. But, where you give very little to begin with, the most lavish reductions will not secure opulence. My wife is always so excellent a manager of her clothes that it is very difficult to save more in that department than she saves already. She will go to the next garden-party at Fulham (supposing the new Bishop gives one) by Underground train, instead of chartering a victoria for the afternoon. I shall wear my grey frock coat a third season, instead of giving it to the dingy retainer; and when the annual haunch comes from Proud flesh Park we shall make the fishmonger take it in payment of his account. Still, in spite of all these economical devices, we feel that our financial year is only too likely to close in gloom; and, though we yield to none in patriotism, we are beginning to ask in the privacy of the domestic alcove whether the war is quite worth the domiciliary discomfort which it entails. The doubt had often presented itself to my mind, but, being properly sensitive to public opinion, I had never suffered it to rise to my lips, until I was emboldened by the frankness of the 'Saturday Review.' Here is a journal both patriotic and genteel, and, after commenting on the fact that the cost of the war will probably be five times that of the Crimean campaign and nearly a third of the debt incurred in the great struggle with Napoleon, it goes on to say: 'It is too late now to ask whether South Africa is, commercially or morally, worth this gigantic outlay. Time alone can show whether or not we have again put our money on the wrong horse.'

Deeply moved by this painful suggestion, I bought a copy of the 'Saturday,' and read it to my wife after dinner. She shed tears of vexation; for, at the earlier stages of the war, she had been even exuberantly patriotic and bellicose. She scraped acquaintance with a trooper in 'Paget's Horse,' who came in khaki to drink tea with us and borrowed five pounds of me to pay his lodging in Lower Stucco Place. When the eldest son of the head of my family went out with his regiment, she sent him

as a farewell present a field-glass and the musical edition of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern;' which he was good enough to retain though too busy to acknowledge. Framed photographs of Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller faced one another on our drawing-room chimney-piece; and, when Ladysmith was relieved, a Union Jack upside down was displayed in every window of our house from attic to kitchen.

And after all this outlay of money and emotion, with the certainty of diminished income and the resulting curtailment of all that a well-constituted female holds dear, to be told that perhaps after all South Africa was 'the wrong horse,' was more than feminine flesh and blood, already overwrought, could patiently endure. Happily my dear wife's religious principles are more securely fixed than those of Mrs. Jarley, or else her wrath might have found a similar expression. "'I am a'most inclined,' said Mrs. Jarley, bursting with the fulness of her anger, and the weakness of her means of revenge, 'to turn atheist when I think of it.'"

My wife's vexation finds its vent, not in renouncing her religion but in denouncing her relations. When financial troubles vex the calm sea of our domestic life, I am only too familiar with biting references to an ill-starred investment in the 'Cosmopolitan Æsthetic Syndicate,' which was established (with a paid-up capital of 500*l.*) to supply Europe and America with plush photograph-frames and peacock fans. 'I always told you you were a perfect goose for letting yourself be wheedled by that vulgar American, simply because he asked you to dine at the Cecil. I don't believe you would have done it, if it hadn't been after dinner. Just think how convenient that hundred pounds would have been just now, with this horrid addition to the income-tax and everything going up. And, if you must go and fling your money away, you might at least try to make a little, instead of living in perfect idleness. If you can't do anything else, one would think you might write for the newspapers.'

Of this just but not generous discourse, only the exordium had been uttered when my sister-in-law opportunely entered the room, and diverted the stream of indignant eloquence from me to herself. 'How very tiresome of you, Bertha, to be so late! The tea is stone-cold, and Muggins is as cross as the tongs already, at having to bring up more hot water for Robert. It's no good saying you've been to your district, and didn't see how the time



was going. I know perfectly well what that means. You have been gossiping at Mrs. Soulsby's, and walking home with that odious Mr. Bumpstead. I really think he is the worst-mannered man I ever knew. Hear him joking with Muggins as he comes upstairs, and he generally upsets a screen, and always disarranges the anti-macassars. And, as to his caring so much about the poor people and the schools, it's all stuff. He is much more interested in the "Sporting Life," and I believe you know he is, only, for some extraordinary reason, you always think it necessary to stand up for him.' By this time my wife's face is unbecomingly heated, and my sister-in-law is on the verge of tears. So I seize the 'Saturday' which has caused such woe, and go off to read, and smoke a cigarette, in that dark cupboard with its uninterrupted view of the back yard which is facetiously called my 'study.'

### THE CONSCIENCE OF MURDERERS.

THE great criminal trials are interesting, among other reasons, because they suggest a psychological problem. Such of us as are fortunate enough to have never committed a murder are curious to know what are the murderer's sensations. A certain amount of self-respect is essential, one supposes, to everybody. The murderer who could see himself as others see him would surely find life intolerable. He may, of course, be a mere ruffian—a survival of the old barbaric type who knocked fellow-men on the head with as much indifference as a pigeon-shooter now kills his birds. But murder is occasionally committed by people of some intelligence who must feel the need of justifying themselves by some plausible excuse. Falkland, in 'Caleb Williams,' murders an enemy from a keen sense of honour. He ought to have fought a duel; but he reflects that, in a duel, the black-guard is as likely to survive as the refined gentleman. It is better, therefore, for the refined gentleman—that is, as it happens, for himself—to put chance out of the question and prearrange the desirable result. This compromise, however, between two systems leads to subsequent remorse. Eugene Aram, according to Bulwer, took bolder ground. 'Wherefore, sir, should I have sorrow' (says his double in Thackeray's 'George Barnwell') 'for ridding the world of a sordid worm; of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful?' Barnwell, soothed by these reflections, enjoys his supper the night before his execution, though the chaplain to whom he addresses this remark could scarcely eat it for tears. The morality of simple expediency is no doubt flexible and may suggest useful pretexts. The murderer may even regard himself as an instrument of Providence. In Parnell's 'Hermit' a youth steals a cup and strangles a baby, and then turns out to be an angel in disguise, who is weaning men from the love of wealth and from excessive parental affection. A little ingenuity in tracing consequences may enable murderers of the more refined class to contrive to indulge a similar sophistry. The murderer may try to identify himself with Providence. Poisoning is the mode of murder which requires

most intelligence, and has not the obvious brutality of violent methods. A poisoner may therefore more likely than other criminals imagine himself to be a mysterious agent, like Parnell's angel, setting things right by invisible means, though the setting right has to be in the direction of his own interest. Perhaps it is partly for this reason that the practice of poisoning seems to have a peculiar and horrible fascination. No poisoner, it seems, ever stops at one crime, any more than an author ever stops at a first novel. The poisoner feels the sense of mysterious power, expressed in Browning's 'Laboratory'—

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,  
Such a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!  
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,  
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket!

The sense of possessing such an irresponsible power would no doubt be intoxicating to some people, and it is curious to ask what effect it would produce upon such fragments of human tenderness or moral sense as we must suppose the murderer still to cherish, though forced to pacify them by judicious casuistry.

A strangely interesting book called 'Princes and Poisoners,' recently translated from the French of M. Funck-Brentano, suggests some curious problems as to the psychology of criminals. M. Brentano has been able by researches into old archives to clear up some points in the famous story of Mme. de Brinvilliers, and to illustrate her social surroundings. Mme. de Brinvilliers is, of course, the typical poisoner. Her main story is too well known for repetition, and is so ghastly that she is naturally regarded as a monstrosity, a creature happily too abnormal to represent fairly any particular social state. Yet there is something singularly suggestive in the view of her proceedings taken by herself and contemporaries. She had acquired the art of poisoning from a lover; she had perfected her skill by practice upon patients in the hospitals; she had proceeded to poison her father and afterwards her two brothers, and of the rest of her life it can only be said that it was quite in harmony with these little incidents. When her crimes were discovered, one of her agents was arrested and broken on the wheel after a full confession. There was a reluctance to arrest the lady on account of her rank; and she managed to escape to England, but three years afterwards (in 1676) was seized and brought to trial. Her noble birth entitled her to a trial before the highest judicial tribunal; and its incidents give a curious

illustration of contemporary opinion. The trial was, of course, unlike the contemporary English method. The prisoner here would not have been herself examined, and the whole business would have been got over in a day. Mme. de Brinvilliers had to undergo twenty-two examinations. She contradicted all the witnesses haughtily, and treated her judges with the dignity of an equal. For five hours one day and thirteen another she was confronted with one of her dependents, and taunted him as a 'besotted lackey,' who had been bundled out of the house for disorderly conduct. She insulted him for his mean spirit in weeping over the death of one of her brothers. Her advocate made a speech which is said to have brought public opinion to her side. She had previously, in a moment of weakness, made a written confession, as he allowed, but it ought not to have been admitted as evidence. This beautiful and sensitive woman, he urged, had been roughly arrested, and even prevented from hearing mass. Moreover the death of her brothers had been already sufficiently expiated by the punishment of her agent; and surviving relations ought to be anxious to avoid any further stain upon the honour of the family. The judges were not convinced, but were deeply moved by this eloquence and by the prisoner's courage. They tried to move her heart, and told her that her worst crime was not the poisoning of her father and brothers, but an attempt to commit suicide. The first president 'wept bitterly and all the judges shed tears.' They had to condemn her to death; but at least they could try to save her soul. For this purpose they sent to her the Abbé Pirot, who possessed an 'ardent and sensitive heart.' It was hoped that his gentle and soul-stirring words would move her and produce a confession. The Abbé accordingly spent the last day with her and recorded all her conversation. They dined together and drank each other's health. Next day she was to be tortured and then beheaded. Her heart of brass, it is said, became like wax under the influence of Pirot's sympathy. She had still some weaknesses, indeed. She wrote a dignified letter to her husband (to whom she had behaved abominably), and declared that she was to 'die an honourable death, brought upon her by her enemies.' The Abbé pointed out that this was not quite a correct sentiment, and exhorted her to imitate more completely the examples of David and the Magdalene. He went away in some distress at some such questionable symptoms, and passed a sleepless night. The lady slept like a

child, but was in a better mood next morning. She admitted that she could not fairly expect to avoid some time in purgatory ; and inquired how she was to know whether she was in purgatory or hell. 'Pirot reassured her,' it does not appear how, and before her torture she at last consented to make a full confession. The torture aroused her to fury and to make false accusations against some of the witnesses. She was then taken in a cart with Pirot to the place of execution. The sight of the crowd again roused her to fury. Her brows knitted, her eyes flashed, her mouth was distorted. Pirot, however, anxiously defends this touching penitent against the charge that she was 'too fond of wine' and kept up her spirits by drinking at the last. That appears to have been the one vice from which she was free. Her behaviour became 'perfect, and would have become a Christian martyr.' On the scaffold she was 'absolutely without fear; gentle, courteous, steadfast, and self-respectful.' At the last her face had an expression 'of hope and joy, of serene faith and love, mingled with the exaltation of the penitent.' Pirot declares that he should remember this edifying look as long as he lived. All who could see her were equally moved. When her body was burnt, they struggled to collect fragments of the bones, and went away declaring that the dead woman was a saint. The good Abbé, one may suppose, was a little flattered by the testimony to his eloquence. In a single day the moral monster had been transformed into a saint. He did not inquire too curiously into the completeness of the change, or ask how long she would have kept up the character had she been allowed to live. The judges and spectators may be accused of a certain inconsistency. They admired equally the audacity which made her refuse to confess in spite of the clearest proof and the touching humility of the first confession. They thought, we must suppose, that it is admirable to fight to the last gasp and then to give in with dignity. When there was no longer a chance of escaping the executioner, she could not be condemned for saving her soul ; and the high spirit manifested in the trial only raised the merit of the effort required for the final humiliation. So daring a sinner must be sincere when she resolved to admit that her crimes required penitence. And yet it would seem that the horror of the murders—they had been committed some years before—must have been a little forgotten. French delight in a dramatic spectacle, and readiness to sympathise with a sentimental demonstration, may account for something.

Perhaps a Protestant English mob would have been better pleased if the lady had simply 'died game' and defied her confessor.

Another famous set of trials suggests that murder just then did not excite the same feeling as it would at the present day. M. Brentano has thrown some new light upon the proceedings of the famous *Chambre Ardente* which was appointed by Louis XIV. shortly afterwards to investigate the horrors which had been suddenly revealed. This commission tried some four hundred persons, of whom thirty-six were condemned to death. A great many more would have had the same fate, if the course of justice had not been interrupted by a singular catastrophe. Belief in witchcraft, it is generally said, expired during the seventeenth century. But sorcery still flourished in Paris combined with less imaginary crimes. An enchanted potion, as Voltaire remarked, may be very effective if it is mixed with arsenic. The sorcerers were partly simple jugglers and partly believers in their own art, and combined attempts to discover the philosopher's stone with more efficacious practice in poisoning. They drove a prosperous trade. 'Human life,' declared the magistrate who began the investigation, 'is publicly trafficked in; death is almost the only remedy employed in family embarrassments; impieties and sacrileges are common practices in Paris and the provinces.' The most famous practitioner was the notorious La Voisin. She had set up in the business in order to maintain a ruined husband and her family. Till her arrest she had supported her old mother in comfort. She started as a fortune-teller and was a shrewd enough physiognomist, we are told, to make good guesses at her customers' secrets. When, however, women came to her who wanted to get rid of husbands, she found it desirable not only to divine but to arrange the future. She had as accomplices certain sorcerers, one of whom was the Abbé Guibourg—a squint-eyed old priest with bloated face and a network of blue veins on it. This wretch used to perform a 'black mass,' a caricature of the proper rite in which the chalice was placed upon the body of the woman desiring help. An infant was killed at the moment of consecration, its blood was poured into the chalice, and mixed with such ingredients as were used by the witches in 'Macbeth.' The result was either a love-philtre or a poison, according to circumstances. The sacrifice of infants was a part of other such performances; and one strange circumstance was that La Voisin was 'very insistent' that the children should be duly baptized before they

were murdered. By carrying on this business, La Voisin made as much as from 2,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* a year. She wore a cloak of crimson velvet, studded with 205 eagles of fine gold and lined with costly furs. The dressmaker's bill is still preserved. She was also much interested, we are told, in scientific and industrial progress, but unfortunately fell into the hands of sharpers, who swindled her out of her money. She practised medicine, too, and among her papers was a prescription for the 'quintessence of hellebore, which kept the Dean of Westminster alive for 166 years,' though his name is not preserved in the *Fasti* of the Church of England.

La Voisin's clients were of the class of which Mme. de Brinvilliers was an ornament, and were able to pay handsomely for the arrangement of their little affairs. The most conspicuous among many was Louis XIV.'s magnificent mistress Mme. de Montespan. Her first visit to La Voisin was made in 1666, when she was first attracting the King's notice. She then came for 'love-powders,' which were to be administered to the King. The 'black mass' was performed in order to make them efficacious. In the following years, she attended other mock services where she recited 'exorcisms,' praying that the King might be alienated from the Queen and from her rival, the gentle Mlle. de la Vallière. The enchantments succeeded, or at least the desired results followed; and, on other various later occasions, when her relations to her royal lover became strained, she returned to the sorceress. In 1673 the 'black mass' was performed three times, an infant was killed, and she invoked 'Ashtoreth and Asmodeus, princes of affection,' to accept the sacrifice and keep her in favour. An illness of Louis at the time is supposed to have been connected with the potions thus prepared which were administered to him. At last, when the King was attracted by Mlle. de Fontanges, Mme. de Montespan became desperate. She resolved, with the help of La Voisin and two 'artists in poison,' to make an end both of the King and her rival. A petition was prepared, steeped in powders and passed under the chalice. It was to be given into the King's own hands and was expected to produce fatal results. Two other agents were told off to poison Mlle. de Fontanges, and La Voisin went to St. Germain's to see the King, but was not allowed to deliver the petition personally. Directly afterwards she was arrested, in consequence of the revelations of some of her other crimes. The commission in the course of its investigations brought out confessions of the persons employed by Mme. de



Montespan. The King was startled by the discovery that his mistress had been engaged in these monstrous performances. She was the mother of the favourite children whom he legitimised and the most splendid lady of the time. When shocked by the first discovery of the practices, he had ordered a thorough investigation. Now, he began to think investigations might go too far. Nobody could foresee what scandals might be the result of a thorough exposure, or what political catastrophes might follow; and he ordered the court to suspend its sitting. The magistrate, La Reynie, who was charged with the prosecution insisted that the high criminals ought to be punished, even though the exposure should bring discredit upon the nation abroad. The great ministers, Colbert and Louvois, however, were interested on the other side; and public opinion was beginning to turn. The commission, it was thought, was officiously stirring up awkward matters, and perhaps the accusations against great people had been invented by the criminals in order to save themselves. Ultimately, the court was directed to continue proceedings against some minor criminals, several of whom were executed. But all the papers tending to implicate Mme. de Montespan were kept secret and were ultimately burnt by the King himself. Their purport is known from the notes preserved by La Reynie. Meanwhile, all the surviving persons, who had been employed on Mme. de Montespan's proceedings, and who could in any way throw light upon them, were sent to various fortresses by *lettres de cachet*, and confined for life. They were chained to the wall and the governors were told that they were guilty of infamous calumnies against Mme. de Montespan, and that any of them who tried to speak on the subject was to be soundly flogged. Some survived for forty years.

Mme. de Montespan herself retired with a splendid pension to the convent of St. Joseph, and lived for many years in edifying penitence. She gave away large sums, wore the coarsest linen under her ordinary dress, and was constantly praying. She was so tortured by fear of death, according to St.-Simon, that she paid several women to watch her day and night. She had candles lighted at night, and when she woke desired to find her attendants chatting or playing cards. She certainly may have had good reasons for finding solitary reflections unpleasant.

This strange story might suggest a good many morals. It is hardly surprising that one should find much degrading vice and

superstition under the splendid outside of a society which included many persons conspicuous for moral excellence, as well as intellectual culture. That possibility is not peculiar to the times of Louis XIV., though it was never more strikingly illustrated. If Mme. de Montespan patronised the fine arts and literature at one of the great periods, and was yet capable of the grossest superstition, we might perhaps find parallels nearer our own time. Modern impostors, it may be said, only practise spiritualism instead of sorcery. They do not, however, present the same strange problem. The curious point is that the sorcerers appeared to have had the most sincere belief in their own arts. They cheated their employers of course by deliberate jugglery, but they also performed their conjurations in their own interests. When Mme. de Montespan was unable to attend a 'black mass' on one occasion, the sorcerers honestly went through the whole hideous performance, though without spectators, and must have believed that it really communicated magical power to the ingredients in the chalice. They used arsenic, which seems to have been the only poison known to them; but they supposed that they could also cause death by invoking 'Ashtoreth and Asmodeus' over less dangerous materials. If a man really believes in the devil to this extent, one wonders that he should be willing to make an ally of so awkward a personage. There is a story of an Italian who first compelled his enemy to utter blasphemies and then killed him on the spot to make sure of his damnation. If he believed so firmly in the certainty of the penalty, it might be thought that he could hardly expect to escape on his own account. The regular Faust bargains with the devil suggest the same question, and the answer is apparently given by the facility with which the devil is generally supposed to be cheated. That seems to correspond to the tacit assumptions made by the sorcerers of this period. They considered the distinction between the priest and the magician in the same light as the distinction between a regular practitioner and a quack. It is more respectable to call in the physician, and you may perhaps believe that in the long run it will answer best. On the other hand, the quack appears to be frequently very successful, and he may be ready to undertake work which his dignified rival may be bound for various reasons to decline.

No doubt, it is a dangerous practice; people who deal with the devil must run a chance of burning their fingers; but then a

sufficient apology at the last moment may be expected to put things right, as Mme. de Brinvilliers became a saint upon the scaffold. The good and evil powers are regarded as being practically pretty much upon a level, although it may be granted that in the long run the good must be the strongest; but the difference is not so great as to prevent you from applying to each alternately. Of course, this is to say that the substance of the nominal religious belief has been turned into something hardly superior to the fetishism of the savage, and the morality been proportionally corrupted. One cannot imagine that such abominable wretches as the regular traders preserved anything that could by any stretch of courtesy be called a conscience; though even 'La Voisin' is said to have had some regard for her old mother and her children, and an interest in 'science and industry.' But one rather fancies that Mme. de Montespan, in her retirement, could manage to retain a certain self-complacency. She had, it was true, trafficked with the devil; she had agreed to the slaughter of infants, and her end had been thoroughly immoral, to separate man and wife and encourage the King to indulge in ruinous extravagance. To herself it would appear that she had been part of the rightful magnificence of the great monarch, and she had deserved the admired envy of the most civilised society in the world. If stern moralists like Bossuet had condemned her, and if she had tampered with forbidden arts, she could square her account by living an old age of comparative austerity. The sorcerers, she must have supposed, were meeting with their due reward; but she might consider herself not so much an accomplice of their crimes, as a purely innocent person who had been tempted to make occasional use of them, and might place the main responsibility upon their shoulders. How modern criminals manage to soothe their own consciences is another question; no doubt they have their modes of tricking themselves out of remorse, but it is certainly some advantage that they have not this particular excuse of temptation from agents of the devil, who may be used or be left to bear the blame and the penalty.

*THE KILLARNEY HUNT.*<sup>1</sup>

THE stag is up! and hound and pup  
 Are tuning round Killarney;  
 The hunt is out! O, there 's a shout,  
 You 'd hear it down to Blarney.  
 There goes the stag across the crag,  
 A Royal now I warrant;  
 See! how he sails across the rails,  
 Look how he 's took the torrent.

Who heads the crew? O'Donoghue  
 And Macg'llicuddy lead 'em,  
 O'Connell, Bland, on either hand,  
 And then the Knight and Needham.  
 Agin' that gate they 're goin' straight,  
 I doubt but there 'll be croppers.  
 They 're over all, and not one fall.  
 Bravo! jack-boots and toppers.

Away to Tork they wind and work  
 Among the whorts and heather;  
 The scent 's in doubt, now, faith, they 're out!  
 Now hark! they 're all together.  
 For ould Jack Keogh he seen him go  
 And waves 'em with his wattle.  
 A full George crown they 've thrun him down,  
 With that he 'll moist his throttle.

A fine view spot up here we 've got,  
 A fine mixed lot within it.  
 Like ould No'hs Ark, above the Park  
 We 're packed this blessed minute.

<sup>1</sup> The musical rights are already secured.

The Parson 's pasted to the Priest,  
The farmer to the flunkey,  
Between the fool upon his mule,  
The cripple on his donkey.

Yoicks ! tally ho ! now off they go !  
See, there the stag is skimmin' !  
He 's through the brake, he 's in the lake,  
And after him they 're swimmin'.  
Their floatin' ranks are on his flanks,  
They 're closin' now behind him.  
He feels the land ! he 's up the strand !  
Now mind him ! oh, now mind him !

Hul-hullahoo ! they flash in view  
Along the shining shingle,  
In lengthening row they streaming go,  
Now with the shades they mingle ;  
While underneath the evening star  
A phantom hunt seems flying,  
Now swelling near, now falling far,  
Now down the darkness dying.

THE AUTHOR OF 'FATHER O'FLYNN.'

## *FAMILY BUDGETS.*

### II. A LOWER-MIDDLE-CLASS BUDGET.

IN asking me to deal with the proper expenditure of a yearly income of from 150*l.* to 200*l.* per annum the editor has set me a task of some difficulty. This difficulty will be appreciated by all who have ever plunged into the dialectics of a subject which in its nature depends so largely on the personal equation.

For in the first place we propose to legislate for a class which includes all those sorts and conditions of men which range between the skilled mechanic and the curate in priest's orders. In the second place we have to counsel those who have fallen from affluence to the penury of 150*l.* per annum, as well as those who have risen from penury to the affluence of the same income.

To those who have never had so much, life on 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year will look ridiculously easy, and, like old Eccles when he was asked whether with a pound a week and cheap liquor he could manage to kill himself in three months, they will look forward with pleasure to the chance of trying it. To those who have hitherto had twice as much the task may well appear almost beyond the bounds of possibility. So true it is, as Bishop Fraser has it, that 'living in comfort is a phrase entirely depending for its meaning on the ideas of him who uses it.'

With these two groups, which are, after all, the fringes of the matter, it will not be possible to deal particularly in the space at our disposal. We must rather concern ourselves with the bulk of the class which looks upon such an income as neither poverty nor riches, and which regards it as an amount upon which a prudent-minded man may properly marry. With the gay bachelor who has no domestic leanings we shall not concern ourselves.

That the subject is one of the highest importance to the nation as well as to the individual will be at once apparent when we remember that domestic economy (by which I do not mean mere domestic economicalness) is the unit of political economy, just as the family is the primordial unit of society; and that the lower middle class of which we write is the backbone of the commonwealth.

Let us take a moment to consider some of the elements of which this great class is composed. Amongst the earners of a yearly wage of from 150*l.* to 200*l.* we find certain skilled mechanics; bank clerks; managing clerks to solicitors; teachers in the London Board Schools (in 1895 there were about 800 male teachers receiving from 150*l.* to 165*l.* per annum);<sup>1</sup> the younger reporters on the best metropolitan papers; the senior reporters on the best local papers; second division clerks in the Colonial, Home, and India Offices; second-class examining officers in the Customs; senior telegraphists; first-class overseers in the General Post Office; Government office-keepers; sanitary inspectors; relieving officers; many vestry officials; clerks under the County Councils; police inspectors; chief warders of prisons; barristers' clerks; photographers employed in the manufacture of process blocks; assistant painters in the leading theatres; organists, and curates in priest's orders. This is but naming a few of the diverse elements of the class with which we are concerned. So that it will be seen at once that anything like generalisation or hard and fast rules of life are wholly out of the question.

I have therefore thought it best to take a typical example of this financial section of society and show how life can be, and is, lived in many hundreds of homes on a minimum income of 150*l.* a year, from which it will follow as a corollary that a somewhat easier life on the same lines can be lived on any sum between that and a maximum of 200*l.*

The case that I am fortunately enabled to take as my text is that of a cashier in a solicitor's office—a man of high character, good education, and high ideals, who, from his fourteenth to his fortieth year, has earned his living in his chosen profession. For ten years he has been married to the daughter of a once well-to-do farmer, who for some time before her marriage had found it necessary, in consequence of agricultural depression, to go out into the world and earn her own living in a house of business. In her father's house she had learned the domestic arts. In her independent life she had learned the value of money. And here we must remember that the value of a man's earnings will vary with the value of his wife's qualities and capabilities. A wife may be the very best investment that a man ever made, or she may be the very worst. 'Better a fortune in a wife than with

<sup>1</sup> Under the voluntary system the general rate of remuneration is much lower,



a wife,' says the proverb, for with the former no evil can come which a man cannot bear. And, in choosing a wife, let a man with a limited income incidentally remember (if indeed a man ever does or ought to remember anything so practical at such a moment) the advice of the Talmud to descend rather than ascend a step, or it will be found the harder to make both ends meet.

Our typical couple are fortunate in having but two children—fortunate not merely because there will be fewer mouths to feed but because the wage-earner's mobility will not be unduly checked. The size of his family is of peculiar importance when a man is young and coming to find out his powers and capabilities. It is only with a small one that he will be able to make a favourable disposition of his labour. With an increasing family he will find it harder and harder to move about in search of his best market.<sup>1</sup>

Granted then that we have a family, the question at once arises, how that family shall be housed; and it is in the proportion of his income that must be expended on the item 'Rent' that a man of small means is more particularly handicapped. What should we think of a man with 1,000*l.* a year spending 200*l.* on rent? We should be justified in regarding him as almost madly extravagant. And yet this is proportionately what the married man with 150*l.* a year is forced to do, and will continue to be forced to do, until a great advance has been made in the practice of co-operation.

Personally I am sanguine enough to look forward to the time when, not only in the matter of rent but in the whole circle of living, the cares of management shall be taken off the shoulders of the wage-earner and his wife; and when a man will find a phalanstery suited to his means, where everything will be arranged for at an inclusive charge, as certainly as now he finds that he must provide everything for himself at ruinous retail prices. But this is dreaming dreams, and the paradise in which 'you press the button and we do the rest' is only coming. That there are signs of its approach we learn quite lately from Mr. Leonard Snell's speech to the 'Auctioneers' Institute,' in which he tells of a block of mansions where the table d'hôte meals are served at twelve shillings a week, as well as from the co-operative kitchen movement which is now showing signs of renewed vitality. In the meantime we must deal with immediate possibilities, for, as at

<sup>1</sup> For more on this subject *vide* Walker's *The Wages Question*, p. 354.

present advised, every Englishman prefers to have his own castle, however unmachicolated it may be.

To the worker in the City of London, where, as a matter of fact, our solicitor's clerk worked for twenty years, or in Westminster, where he worked for four, one of three courses is practically open. Either he must live within easy distance in lodgings in some such locality as Trinity Square, S.E., or Vincent Square, S.W., or in one of those huge blocks of flats to be found in the neighbourhood of London's heart in such districts as Finsbury, Lambeth, or Southwark; or he must go further afield and find an inexpensive house in one of the cheaper suburbs, Clapham, Forest Gate, Wandsworth, Walthamstow, Kilburn, Peckham, or Finsbury Park. That he will be well advised in adopting the latter course there can, I think, be no possible doubt, and this although he will have to add to his rent the cost of travelling to and fro.

In the first place he will be able to house himself at a lower rental; in the second place his surroundings will be far more healthy; in the third place his neighbours will be of his own class, a matter of chiefest importance to his wife and children, the greater part of whose lives must be spent in these surroundings. There are thousands of snug little suburban six-roomed houses which can be had for a weekly rental of from 10s. to 12s. 6d. a week, and it is in these that the vast majority of London Benedicts who earn from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year are to be run to earth. Those who live in lodgings or flats near by their work pay a higher rent for two or three small rooms. And when we get into what we may call essentially the clerks' suburbs—Leytonstone, Forest Gate, Walthamstow, and such like—it is astonishing what a difference an extra shilling or two a week will make in the general character of our surroundings.

Our specimen couple were fortunate in being enabled to live in a twelve-and-sixpenny house, in a very different road from the road of ten-shilling houses, by the fact that a relative rented one of their rooms. A parallel arrangement is of course open to any couple who care to take in a lodger.

In the budget at the end of this article, however, I have put down 10s. as the weekly rent, as a lodger's accounts would in various ways complicate matters. The result is that we have, with rates and taxes at 5*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*, the sum of 31*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.* gone in housing our family, a terribly large but necessary slice out of an

income of 150*l.* a year. Just compare this with the proportion of one-tenth of income generally set aside for that purpose amongst the so-called 'Upper Middles.'

Having then decided upon a home in the suburbs, the next expenditure which has to be faced is the wage-earner's railway fare to and from his work. In all probability the distance will be from four to six miles. This would mean at least sixpence a day spent in travelling, were it not that all the railway companies issue season tickets at reduced rates. Some of them, however, do not offer these facilities to third-class passengers. We must, therefore, in a typical case put down at least 7*l.* a year for a second-class 'season.' A ticket of this sort has of course the further advantage of covering the expense of extra journeys to town for churches, picture galleries, or Albert Hall concerts on Sundays, or for evening lectures or amusements on weekdays; and this to a man who cannot spend much on luxuries, but who is hungry for religious or intellectual refreshment, is a matter of no little importance.

So much for the housing problem with its immediate corollary of a sufficiently convenient access to work. Our wage-earner has now to face the very considerable expenditure which, in the budget at the end of this article, comes under the three headings dealing with Dress. And in approaching this matter we must remember that not only has dress 'a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind,' but, so far as the individual is concerned, has very often a determining effect upon his success as a wage-earner. And in this particular the unit of the class with which we are concerning ourselves is in a very different position from the skilled mechanic who may be earning a like income. It is more and more recognised as an axiom in those businesses and professions which are in immediate touch with the client, that the employees, whether they be salesmen in shops or clerks in banks or offices, must be habited in what may be called a decent professional garb. The bank-clerk who is content to ignore the fact and looks needy, or the solicitor's clerk who is out-at-elbows, will find that he has little chance of retaining his position. Here he is clearly at a disadvantage compared with the man who works with his hands and who only has to keep a black coat for high days and holidays. Thus, through the action of certain economic laws, the average 'lower-middle' bread-winner is forced into an extravagance in the matter of clothes out of all proportion to his

income. He may well exclaim with Teufelsdröckh: 'Clothes which began in foolishness love of ornament, what have they not become!'

Nor is it his own clothes alone that will be a matter of anxiety, for whatever may be said of false pride and suchlike, a man is most properly not content to see his wife and children dressed in a manner unbecoming their station. He recognises, too, that there is truth in Jean Paul's sententious saying, that 'the only medicine that does a woman more good than harm is dress.' And here we are back again at the question whether we have a fortune in the wife or a fortune with her. If the former, things will go well in this matter of dress as in all others. If she is neither slovenly nor extravagant here, she will not be slovenly nor extravagant in other respects. She must of course be her own and her children's dressmaker, for it is a fact that hardly needs stating that 'making up' is out of all proportion to the cost of material. This applies more particularly to the children's clothing. To take an example—the material for an excellent boy's cloth suit can easily be obtained for ten shillings. Made up by a tailor it will cost at least a guinea. Or take a flannel blouse, for which excellent material may be obtained for four shillings. The charge for making it up will not cost a penny less than three shillings and sixpence. Then, too, a clever mother will cut down and alter her old skirts into serviceable frocks for the girls; and the father's discarded waistcoats and trousers will be metamorphosed by her deft fingers into second-best suits for the boys. She will take care in buying dress materials for herself to wait for the drapery sales at the end of the summer and winter seasons and obtain them at half the price paid by her less thoughtful neighbour. But the wise woman will not be tempted by the offers of cheap made-up millinery at these times, knowing well that they will have become hopelessly out of the mode by the time that the season for wearing them has come round again; and mind you, the 'lower-middle' is as mindful of the fashion as is her richer sister.

However, it is a parlous matter for a mere man to speak of these things. Let him only add that he respectfully salutes the Madonna of the knitting needles, for she will not only make less costly and more durable socks and stockings for the family, but will be a constant reminder to those around her that 'Sloth makes all things difficult but industry all things easy.'

This matter of hosiery brings us by a natural transition to that of boots, an expensive and important item which will run away with at least four per cent. of our income, and more if we try in the outset to be unwisely economical. The far-seeing housewife will take care that each of her family has at least two, and more wisely three, good strong pairs in use at the same time. She will thus not only materially reduce the doctor's bill, for the children will be able to be out and about in all weathers and so rarely take cold, but she will also effect a final saving in the boots themselves, which will last half as long again if the leather is given proper time to dry. I am aware that these matters may appear too self-evident to need stating, and that the scoffer will cry out, 'It needs no ghost to tell us that.' But let me tell you that it is just in these matters of small moment that reminders are wanted. It is the larger things that are too obvious to be overlooked.

So much then as regards the shelter, covering, and adornment of the outer man. We must now consider the largest and most essential item in our little budget. And it is here in the matter of food more than ever that the capability and skill of the wife are of the first importance. It was, I think, a German who advised an ambitious youth to live rather above his income in dress, up to his income in lodging, and below it in food. Now this may be all very well where the individual has only himself to consider. He is at liberty to be foolish enough to tighten his belt and stay the cravings of hunger with tobacco. But no wise woman would ever allow her husband to do this, and so imperil his health and his hard-earned income with it. Indeed he would soon be in the condition of Carlyle, who used to say: 'I can wish the devil nothing worse than that he may have to digest with my stomach to all eternity; there will be no need of fire and brimstone then.' She will rather bear in mind the Dutch proverb, 'God gives birds their food, but they must fly for it,' realising at the same time the completion of the circle, that unless the bird ate the food when he got it he would not be able to fly for more.

Plain living will be a matter of course on an income of 150*l.* a year, but this does not necessarily connote cheap food, for as Ruskin says in another connection: 'What is cheapest to you now is likely to prove dearest in the end.' Not only is good food more palatable and more nourishing but it is cheaper in the upshot because there is less waste. This particularly applies to the

classes with which we are dealing, for their occupations are mainly sedentary and their appetites and digestions as a consequence less active. Manual labourers will get nourishment out of food which will not do for the brain worker.

Take, for example, half a leg of mutton at tenpence a pound (quoting for the moment the local butcher's price). The first day it will be served hot with vegetables, the second day cold with salad, the third day tastily hashed, and there will be no appreciable waste. Compare with this a neck of mutton of the same weight costing something less per pound. Not only will a large proportion of its weight be made up of fat and bone, but it will make a far less appetising and far less nourishing dish.

But there is another question for the housewife to consider besides 'What shall I buy?' and that is, 'Where shall I buy it?' And on this subject alone a treatise might be written. It will be only possible here to point out that in this, as in everything else, the housewife must use her best wits and not merely follow the lead of her neighbours. I will indicate what I mean by an example or two. To return to the mutton. The local butcher will charge about tenpence a pound for a prime leg, but the thoughtful housekeeper will instruct her husband to call in before leaving town at some such market as Leadenhall, where he will get the very best 'New Zealand' at sixpence—a saving of nearly three shillings on an eight-pound joint! The same in the matter of groceries. Here, again, the wise woman will get her husband to do her marketing for her at one of the great central stores where he will pay cash, and because of the rapid sale get goods of the best quality and of the freshest at prices well worth comparing with those of the small local dealer, who will be only too anxious to book orders and deliver goods. The same will apply in the matter of fish.

This is, of course, calculating on the complaisancy of the husband. If he is too proud to carry the fish-basket or parcel of tea home with him she must do the best she can near at hand. In some districts she will find large local stores only second to those to be found in the City. There is not, however, much room for false pride on 150*l.* a year. Indeed, it is the most expensive of all luxuries to indulge in. If you have it and can't get rid of it, at least make an inner pocket in your coat for it and sew that pocket up.

One other point is worth mentioning before setting out the

weekly schedule of food of our typical couple and their two children. It has somehow come to be an axiom, and it looks plausible enough at first sight, that it is an extravagant habit to purchase in small quantities what we in England call 'dry goods.' I say 'in England,' for in America the term has a totally different meaning. Many practical housekeepers, however, will tell you that the extra cost of buying in small quantities is more than counterbalanced by the fact that the presence of considerable stores in the house leads, especially in the case of luxuries, to a very much larger consumption, thus again emphasising the fact that what is cheapest now is like to prove dearest in the end.

Here, then, is the sum of 47*l.* 9*s.* which will be found set down in our annual budget for food, reduced to weekly terms:

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Meat and fish . . . . .	7	0
Greengrocery . . . . .	1	3
Milk . . . . .	2	6
Bread . . . . .	1	6
Grocery . . . . .	6	0
	18 3	

There is one other thing which must be touched upon before leaving the matter of food. The Italians say that 'God sends meat and the devil sends cooks,' and the proverb will find not a few to echo it in this country. The devil, however, has not got it all his own way here, unless, indeed, he runs the London County Council, the London School Board, and the City Guilds, for, thanks to their technical classes, opportunities of learning scientific, and thus wholesome and inextravagant, cooking are brought within reach of every one who has the wisdom to take advantage of them.

It will be noticed that the budget, given at the end of this article, makes no mention of beer or other strong drinks. This is because my typical couple happen to be teetotallers, and what they can do without others can too. Tobacco, on the other hand, is included, because the wage-earner happens to be a smoker—though a very moderate one at that.

Another item is omitted which the middle-class householder is apt to look upon as inevitable. But the householder with whom we are dealing has nothing to fear from that terrible bugbear, Dilapidations. The fact is that he is in the majority of cases a Man of Straw, and the landlord, being in most instances the



owner of a street or streets, has taken care so to calculate the rent as to cover the *average* deterioration, thus avoiding the worry and expense of what would generally prove unfruitful litigation. The item 'house expenses' covers the necessary renewals of crockery, kitchen utensils, carpentering requisites, &c., besides the occasional employment of a charwoman, and such little washing as has to go to the laundry—the bulk, of course, being done at home.

The item 4*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* for 'Insurance and Benefit Club' represents an annual premium of 2*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* for a life policy of the value of 100*l.*, effected at the age of twenty-five; 4*s.* for another 100*l.* in the case of death being by accident; 3*s.* for insurance of furniture against fire; and 2*l.* paid to a Friendly Society as provision against sickness. This last entitles the member to 18*s.* a week for twenty-six weeks, 9*s.* a week for a further twenty-six, besides 20*l.* payable at death to his widow, or, in the event of the wife predeceasing, 10*l.* to the member himself. The item 5*l.* for a 'Summer Holiday' will seem to many ridiculously small, but when we add to it what would have been the cost of living at home, it will be found enough to cover the necessary travelling, lodging, and extra board for a fortnight's holiday. 'Newspapers, books, &c.—4*l.* 10*s.*' should not represent all the reading done in the family, for the man of intellectual tastes and high aims will have provided himself in his days of bachelorhood with something in the shape of a library; besides which he will, unless his neighbourhood is scandalously behind the times, live within easy distance of a Free Library.

Education for the children, it will be noticed, has no place in our budget. This is because our typical pair are wise enough to know that the teaching to be got for nothing under the Elementary Education Acts is incomparably better than any private teaching within their means. And they are not inclined to balance the advantage (save the mark!) of a little 'gentility' against their children's intellectual welfare. . . .

The budget is no imaginary one. It is the outcome of actual experience, and has the special advantage of being applicable to all incomes between 150*l.* and 200*l.*. It would be totally irrelevant to a man earning 50*l.* a year *less*, but the man with 50*l.* a year *more* will find no difficulty in expanding the items, especially if his quiver is unduly filled. As it stands, it is a budget of strict necessity, and every extra 5*l.* available may spell a certain degree of affluence. One thing, however, must not be forgotten, and that

is that immediately 160*l.* a year is exceeded we shall become liable to the payment of a modified Income Tax, but this will not prove a very serious matter even to the earner of 200*l.* a year, for the first 160*l.* in his case, as indeed in the case of anyone with a less income than 400*l.* a year, is totally exempt.

	£	s.	d.
Rent (26 <i>l.</i> ), rates and taxes (5 <i>l.</i> 3 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i> ) . . . . .	31	3	5
Railway travelling . . . . .	7	0	0
Life insurance and benefit club . . . . .	4	8	3
Newspapers, books, &c. . . . .	4	10	0
Gas, coal, coke, oil, wood, matches . . . . .	9	17	0
Summer Holiday . . . . .	5	0	0
Tobacco . . . . .	2	5	0
Birthday and Christmas presents . . . . .	1	10	0
Stamps and stationery . . . . .		12	0
Food . . . . .	47	9	0
House expenses . . . . .	5	4	0
Boots . . . . .	6	0	0
Tailor . . . . .	6	0	0
Dress for wife and children . . . . .	13	0	0
Balance to cover doctor, chemist, charities, &c. . . . .	6	1	4
	£150	0	0

G. S. LAYARD.

It may be interesting to compare with Mr. Layard's model budget the following statement of the manner in which an annual income of about 250*l.* is expended by a family consisting of two adults and two children (aged six and three respectively), with servant. The family reside in a south-west suburb of London noted for its shopping facilities, and the household is run on temperance principles. For the facts and figures the Editor is indebted to one of the greatest living authorities on domestic social economy.

	£	s.	d.
Rent, including rates and taxes (half-share of 52 <i>l.</i> house) . . . . .	33	0	0
Housekeeping expenses . . . . .	90	0	0
Breadwinner's lunches and frequently teas in town . . . . .	30	0	0
Clothing (this is low as sewing-machine is much in evidence in this household) . . . . .	17	10	0
Servant's wages! . . . . .	12	0	0
Coal and gas (gas cooking stove) . . . . .	7	10	0
Life and fire insurance premiums . . . . .	10	5	0
Church-sittings and small subscriptions . . . . .	3	5	0
Season ticket (third class) . . . . .	4	10	0
Holidays . . . . .	12	0	0
Doctors, about . . . . .	3	0	0
Repairs and additions to furniture . . . . .	4	0	0
Sundries; amusements, bus fares, garden, newspapers, magazines, books, postages, presents, volunteering, &c., &c., say . . . . .	10	0	0
	£237	0	0

## THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT,

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

### V. CAWNPORE: THE MURDER GHAUT.

It was a company of some 450 persons—old and young, sick and wounded, men, women, and children—who filed out of Wheeler's entrenchments on the morning of June 27, in that sad pilgrimage.

Trevelyan describes the scene :

'First came the men of the 32nd Regiment, their dauntless captain at their head; thinking little as ever of the past, but much of the future; and so marching unconscious towards the death which he had often courted. Then moved on the throng of native bearers, groaning in monotonous cadence beneath the weight of the palanquins, through whose sliding panels might be discerned the pallid forms of the wounded; their limbs rudely bandaged with shirt-sleeves and old stockings and strips of gown and petticoat. And next, musket on shoulder and revolver in belt, followed they who could still walk and fight. Step was not kept in those ranks. Little was there of martial array, or soldier-like gait and attitude. In discoloured flannel and tattered nankeen, mute and in pensive mood, tramped by the remnant of the immortal garrison. These men had finished their toil, and had fought their battle, and now, if hope was all but dead within them, there survived at least no residue of fear.'

Vibart, in his single person, constituted the rearguard. A wounded man lying in a bed carried by four native bearers, an English lady walking by his side, came out of the entrenchment shortly after the rest had left. It was Colonel Ewart, of the 34th, with his faithful wife. The little group could not overtake the main body, and when it had passed out of sight round a bend in the road a crowd of the colonel's own Sepoys stopped the poor wife and her wounded husband. The porters were ordered to lay the bed down, and with brutal jests the Sepoys mocked their dying colonel. 'Is not this a fine parade?' they asked, with shouts of laughter.

Then, mirth giving place to murder, they suddenly fell upon Ewart, and literally hewed him to pieces under the eyes of his agonised wife. They told her to go in peace, as they would not kill a woman, and by way of comment on the statement one of them stepped back to give himself room for the stroke, and slew her with a single blow.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1901, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett in the United States of America.

The road to the Ganges, a little over a mile in length, crossed a little wooden bridge painted white, and swung to the right down a ravine to the river. 'A vast multitude,' says Trevelyan, 'speechless and motionless as spectres, watched their descent into that valley of the shadow of death.' Directly the last Englishman had crossed the bridge and turned down the lane, a double line of Sepoys was drawn across the entrance to the Ghaut, and slowly the great company made its way down to the river's edge. Some forty boats were lying there—eight-oared country budgerows, clumsy structures, with thatched roofs, and looking not unlike floating haystacks. They lay in the shallow water a few yards from the bank.

A moment's pause took place when the crowd of sahibs and memsahibs, with their wounded and the little ones, reached the water's edge. There were no planks by which they could reach the boats, none of the boatmen spoke a word, or made a movement. They sat silent like spectators at a tragedy.

Then the crowd splashed into the water. The wounded were lifted into the boats; women with their children clambered on board; the men were finding their places; the officers, standing knee-deep in the river, were helping the last and feeblest to embark. It was nine o'clock in the morning.

Suddenly, in the hot morning air, a bugle screamed shrill and menacing, somewhere up the ravine. It was the signal! Out of the forty boats the native boatmen leaped, and splashed through the water to the bank. Into the straw roofs of many of the boats they thrust, almost in the act of leaping, red-hot embers, and nearly a score of boats were almost instantly red-crested with flames.

A little white Hindu temple high up on the bank overlooked the whole scene. Here sat Tantia Topee, the Nana's general, with a cluster of Sepoy officers. He controlled the whole drama from this point of vantage like a stage-manager; and, on his signal, from the lines of Sepoys who were lying concealed in the undergrowth, from guns perched high on the river-bank, and from both sides of the river at once, there broke upon the forty boats, with their flaming roofs and hapless crowds of white-faced passengers, a terrific storm of shot.

Those slain by the sudden bullet were many, and were happy in their fate. The wounded perished under the burning flakes and strangling smoke of the flaming straw roofs. Many leaped

into the river, and, crouching chin-deep under the sides of the boats, tried to shelter themselves from the cruel tempest of shot. Some swam out into the stream till they sank in the reddened water under the leisurely aim of the Sepoys. Others, leaping into the water, tried to push off the stranded boats. Some of yet sterner temper, kneeling under the roofs of burning thatch, or standing waist-deep in the Ganges, fired back on the Sepoys, who by this time lined the river's edge.

General Wheeler, according to one report, perished beneath the stroke of a Sepoy's sword as he stepped out of his palkee. His daughters were slain with him, save one, the youngest, who, less happy, was carried off by a native trooper to die later. In the official evidence taken long afterwards is the account given by a half-caste Christian woman. 'General Wheeler,' she said, 'came last in a palkee. They carried him into the water near the boat. I stood close by. He said, "Carry me a little farther towards the boat." But a trooper said, "No; get out here." As the general got out of the palkee head foremost, the trooper gave him a cut with his sword into the neck, and he fell into the water. My son was killed near him. I saw it, alas! alas! Some were stabbed with bayonets; others cut down. Little infants were torn in pieces. We saw it, we did! and tell you only what we saw. Other children were stabbed and thrown into the river. The school girls were burnt to death. I saw their clothes and hair catch fire.'

Presently the fire of the Sepoys ceased, and the wretched survivors of the massacre—125 in number—were dragged ashore. They came stumbling up the slope of the bank, a bedraggled company, their clothing dripping with the water of the Ganges, or soiled with its mud. They crept up the ravine down which, a brief hour before, they had walked with Hope shining before them. Now Grief kept pace with them; Despair went before them; Death followed after. They had left their dead in the river behind them; they were walking to a yet more cruel fate in front. 'I saw that many of the ladies were wounded,' said one witness afterwards; 'their clothes had blood on them. Some had their dresses torn, but all had clothes. I saw one or two children without clothes. There were no men in the party, but only some boys of twelve or thirteen years of age.'

The sad company was marched back to the old cantonment, where the Nana himself came out to exult over his victims. Lady

Canning, in her journal, writes :—‘ There were fifteen young ladies in Cawnpore, and at first they wrote such happy letters, saying time had never been so pleasant ; it was every day like a picnic, and they hoped they would not be sent away ; they said a regiment would come, and they felt quite safe. Poor, poor things ; not one of them was saved.’ How many of that girlish band of fifteen perished, with flaming hair and dress, in the boats ? Or did they stand shivering in the icy chill of terror, amongst the captives over whom the tiger glance of Nana Sahib wandered in triumph ? After being duly inspected, these poor captives were thrust into a couple of rooms in the Savada-house, and left to what reflections may be imagined.

Three boats out of the forty, meanwhile, had actually got away. Two drifted to the Oude shore, and were overtaken by instant massacre. One boat, however, had for the moment, a happier fate. It caught the mid-current of the Ganges, and went drifting downwards ; and that solitary drifting boat, without oars or rudder, bearing up in its crazy planks above the dark waters of the Ganges the sole survivors of the heroic garrison of Cawnpore, started on a wilder, stranger voyage than is recorded elsewhere in all history.

It was Vibart’s boat ; and by a curious chance it included in its passengers the most heroic spirits in the garrison. Moore was there, and Ashe, and Delafosse ; Mowbray Thomson swam out to it from his own boat, and with him Murphy, a private of the 32nd—two out of the four who finally survived out of the whole garrison. The boat was intended to carry only fifty, but nearly a hundred fugitives were crowded within its crazy sides.

A cannon-shot smashed its rudder. It had no oars nor food. From either bank a hail of shot pursued it. Every now and again the clumsy boat would ground on some shallow ; then, while the Sepoys shot fast and furiously, a group of officers would jump overboard, and push the clumsy craft afloat again.

Moore, pushing at the boat in this fashion, with broken collar-bone, was shot through the heart. Ashe and Bowden and Glanville shared the same fate. Soon the dying and the dead on the deck of this shot-pelted boat were as many as the living. ‘ We had no food in the boat,’ wrote Mowbray Thomson afterwards ; ‘ the water of the Ganges was all that passed our lips. The wounded and the dead were often entangled together in the bottom of the boat.’

When evening came the boat ran heavily aground. Under the screen of darkness the women and children were landed, and the boat, with great effort, floated again, the Sepoys accompanying the operation with volleys of musketry, flights of burning arrows, and even a clumsy attempt at a fire-ship. 'No one slept that night, and no one ate, for food there was none on board.'

When day broke the tragical voyage was continued, still to an accompaniment of musketry bullets. At two o'clock the boat stranded again. 'Major Vibart,' says Mowbray Thomson, 'had been shot through one arm on the preceding day. Nevertheless, he got out, and, while helping to push off the boat, was shot through the other arm. Captain Turner had both his legs smashed, Captain Whiting was killed, Lieutenant Harrison was shot dead.' These are sample records from that strange log.

Towards evening a boat, manned by some sixty Sepoys, appeared in pursuit, but it, too, ran upon a sand-bank, and this gave the sahibs an opportunity at which they leaped with fierce joy. From the sorely battered boat, which had been pelted for nearly two days and nights with bullets, a score of haggard and ragged figures tumbled, and came splashing, with stern purpose, through the shallows. And then, for some twenty breathless minutes, the Sepoys, by way of change, instead of being hunters, became the hunted, and only some half-dozen, who were good swimmers, escaped to tell their comrades what the experience was like. Mowbray Thomson tells the story in disappointingly bald prose. 'Instead of waiting for them to attack us,' he says, 'eighteen or twenty of us charged them, and few of their number escaped to tell the story.'

Night fell black and stormy, and through falling rain and the sighing darkness the boat, with its freight of dead and dying, drifted on. It recalls the ship of which Tennyson sang, with its 'dark freight, a vanished life.' In the morning it was found that the boat had drifted into some backwater whence escape was impossible. The Sepoys lined the bank and fired heavily. Vibart, who was dying, but still remained the master spirit of the little company, ordered a sally. 'Whilst there was a sound arm among them that could load and fire, or thrust with the bayonet,' says Kaye, 'still the great game of the English was to go to the front and smite the enemy, as a race that seldom waited to be smitten.'

Mowbray Thomson and Delafosse, with some twelve men of the 82nd and 34th, clambered over the side of the boat, waded



ashore, and charged the Sepoys, who fled before them. They pressed eagerly on, shooting and stabbing, but presently found new crowds of the enemy gathering in their rear. The gallant fourteen faced about, and fought their way back to where they had left the boat. Alas! it had vanished.

They commenced to march along the river-bank in the direction of Allahabad, with an interval of twenty paces between each man, so as to make the fire of their pursuers less deadly. Shoeless, faint with hunger, bare-headed, they fought their way for some miles. Their pursuers grew rapidly in numbers and daring. One Englishman had fallen; the others wheeled suddenly round, and seized a small Hindu temple, determined to make a last stand there. There was just room enough for the thirteen to stand upright in the little shrine. Their pursuers, after a few minutes' anxious pause, tried to rush the door; but, as the historian of the fight puts it, 'there was no room for any of them inside'—though, as it turned out, a good deal of room was required outside for the dead bodies of those who had made the attempt.

An effort was made to smoke out, and then to burn out, the unconquerable sahibs. When these devices failed, gunpowder was brought up, and arrangements made for blowing the entire shrine, with its indomitable garrison, into space. Seeing these preparations, the British charged out. Seven of them, who could swim, stripped themselves, and headed the sally, intending to break through to the river.

Seven naked sahibs, charging through smoke and flame, with levelled bayonets, would naturally be a somewhat disquieting apparition, and the seven had no difficulty in breaking through their enemies, and reaching the Ganges. The other six, who could not swim, ran full into the Sepoy mass, and died mute and fighting.

Then commenced the pursuit of the swimmers. Two were soon shot and sank; a third, swimming on his back, and not seeing where he was going, struck a sandpit, where some natives were waiting to beat out his brains at leisure. There remained four—Mowbray Thomson, Delafosse, and two privates, a pair of strong-limbed and brave-hearted Irishmen, named Murphy and Sullivan. This heroic and much-enduring four, diving like wild ducks at the flash of hostile muskets, out-swam and out-tired their pursuers. When at last they landed, they had between them 'a flannel shirt,

a strip of linen cloth, and five severe wounds'! They found refuge with a friendly landowner, and reached the British lines, though Sullivan died within a fortnight of reaching the place of safety.

Meanwhile, what had happened to the boat after the gallant fourteen left it? Its crew consisted of little else than wounded men, dead bodies, and exhausted women and children. Upon these swooped down a great crowd of enemies. The boat was captured, and its stem promptly turned back towards Cawnpore. On the morning of June 30 the boat lay again at the entrance of the fatal ghaut.

In the evidence taken long afterwards, there were brought back, according to one native witness, sixty sahibs, twenty-five memsahibs, and four children. 'The Nana ordered the sahibs to be separated from the memsahibs, and shot. So the sahibs were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadiree Regiment stood ready to fire. Then said one of the memsahibs, the doctor's wife (What doctor? How should I know?) 'I will not leave my husband. If he must die, I will die with him.' So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this the other memsahibs said, 'We also will die with our husbands,' and they all sat down, each with her husband. Then their husbands said, 'Go back,' but they would not. Whereupon the Nana ordered his soldiers; and they, going in, pulled them away forcibly. But they could not pull away the doctor's wife.'

Captain Seppings asked leave to read prayers before they died. His hands were untied; one arm hung broken, but, standing up, he groped in his pocket for a little prayer-book, and commenced to read—but what prayer or psalm none now can tell. 'After he had read,' as the witness tells the story, 'he shut the book, and the sahibs shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One sahib rolled one way, one another as they sat. But they were not dead, only wounded. So they went in and finished them off with swords.' When all was over, the twenty-four memsahibs, with their four children, were sent to swell the little crowd of captives in Savada-house. Some seventeen days of weeping life yet intervened between them and the fatal Well.

The story of the final act in the great tragedy at Cawnpore cannot be told without some account of events outside Cawnpore itself. A relieving force had been organised at Calcutta, of which Neill's Fusileers at Allahabad were the advance guard; but a

leader was wanted, and on June 17 Sir Patrick Grant brought Havelock, 'the dust of Persia still in the crevices of his sword-handle,' to the Governor-General, saying, 'Your Excellency, I have brought you the man.'

Havelock was sixty-two years of age when the great chance of his life came to him. A little man, prim, erect, alert, quick-footed, stern-featured, with snow-white moustache and beard. Havelock, no doubt, had his limitations. A strain of severity ran through his character. 'He was always,' says one who served under him, 'as sour as if he had swallowed a pint of vinegar, except when he was being shot at, and then he was as blithe as a schoolboy out for a holiday.' There is a touch of burlesque, of course, in that sentence; but Havelock was, no doubt, austere of temper, impatient of fools, and had a will that moved to its end with something of the fiery haste and scorn of obstacles proper to a cannon-ball. He was fond, too, of making Napoleonic orations to his men, and had a high-pitched, carrying voice which could make itself audible to a regiment. And the British soldier in fighting mood is rather apt to be impatient of oratory.

But Havelock was a trained and scientific soldier, audacious and resolute in the highest degree; a deeply religious man, with a sense of duty of the antique sort, that scorned ease, and reckoned life, when weighed against honour, as a mere grain of wind-blown dust. And Havelock, somehow, inspired in his men a touch of that sternness of valour we associate with Cromwell's Ironsides.

It is curious, in view of Havelock's achievements and after-fame, to read in the current literature of the moment the impression he made upon hasty critics in Calcutta and elsewhere. The 'Friend of India,' the leading Calcutta journal, described him as a 'fossil general'! Lady Canning, in her journal, writes:— 'General Havelock is not in fashion. No doubt he is fussy and tiresome; but his little, old, stiff figure looks as active and fit for use as if he were made of steel.' She again and again refers to 'dear little old Havelock, with his fussiness'—'fussiness' being in this case little more than the impatience of a strong will set to a great task and fretted by threads of red tape. Lord Hardinge had said, 'If India is ever in danger, let Havelock be put in command of an army, and it will be saved.' And Havelock's after-history amply justified that prediction.

Havelock had about the tiniest force that ever set forth to the task of saving an empire. It never was able to put on the

actual battle-field 1,500 men. There were 76 men of the Royal Artillery; less than 400 of the Madras Fusileers; less than 300 of the 78th Highlanders; 435 men of the 64th, and 190 of the 84th, with 450 Sikhs of somewhat doubtful loyalty, and 50 native irregular horse, whose disloyalty was not in the least doubtful. Havelock's reliable cavalry consisted of 20 volunteers, amateurs mostly, under Barrow.

Measured against the scale of modern armies, Havelock's force seems little more than a corporal's guard. But the fighting value of this little array was not to be measured by counting its files. 'Better soldiers,' says Archibald Forbes, 'have never trod this earth.' They commenced their march from Allahabad on July 7; they marched, and fought, and conquered under the intolerable heat of an Indian midsummer, and against overwhelming odds; until when, on September 19—little more than eight weeks afterwards—Outram and Havelock crossed the Ganges in their advance on Lucknow, only 250 of Havelock's 'Ironsides' were left to take part in that advance. In the whole history of the war, men have seldom dared, and endured, and achieved more than did Havelock's column in the gallant but vain struggle to relieve Cawnpore.

Maude commanded its tiny battery; Hamilton led the Highlanders; Stirling the 64th; the gallant, ill-fated Renaud the Fusileers. Stuart Beatson was Havelock's assistant adjutant-general; Fraser Tytler was his assistant quartermaster-general. Of the Highlanders—the Ross-shire Buffs—Forbes says, 'it was a remarkable regiment; Scottish to the backbone; Highland to the core of its heart. Its ranks were filled with Mackenzies, Macdonalds, Tullochs, Macnabs, Rosses, Gunns, and Mackays. The Christian name of half the Grenadier company was Donald. It could glow with the Highland fervour; it could be sullen with the Highland dourness; and it may be added, it could charge with the stern and irresistible valour of the North.'

When the little force began its march for Cawnpore, the soil was swampy with the first furious showers of the rainy season, and in the intervals of the rain the skies were white with the glare of an Indian sun in July. 'For the first three days,' says Maude, 'they waded in a sea of slush, knee-deep now, and now breast-high, while the flood of tropical rain beat down from overhead. As far to right and left as eye could pierce extended one vast morass.' After these three days' toil through rain and mud, the

rains vanished ; the sky above them became like white flame, and, till they reached Cawnpore, Havelock's troops had to march and fight under a sun that was wellnigh as deadly as the enemy's bullets.

On July 11 Havelock marched 15 miles under the intolerable heat to Arrapore. Camping for a few hours, he started again at midnight, picked up Renaud's men while the stars were yet glittering in heaven, pushed steadily on, and at 7 o'clock, after a march of 16 miles, camped at Belinda, four miles out of Futtehpoore. The men had outmarched the tents and baggage, and were almost exhausted. They had fallen out, and were scattered under the trees, 'some rubbing melted fat on their blistered feet, others cooling their chafes in the pools ; many more too dead-beaten to do anything but lie still.' It was Sunday morning.

Suddenly there broke above the groups of tired soldiery the roar of cannon. Grape-shot swept over the camp. Over the crest and down the opposite slopes rode, with shouts and brandished tulwars, a huge mass of rebel cavalry. It was a genuine surprise ! But the bugles rang out shrilly over the scattered clusters of Havelock's men. They fell instantly into formation ; skirmishers ran to the front, and the enemy's cavalry came to an abrupt halt. It was a surprise for them, too. They had expected to see only Renaud's composite force—a mere handful ; what they beheld instead was Havelock's steady and workmanlike front.

Havelock did not attack immediately. His cool judgment warned him that his over-wearied soldiers needed rest before being flung into the fight, and orders were given for the men to lie down in rank. Presently the rebel cavalry wheeled aside, and revealed a long front of infantry, with batteries of artillery, and the rebel general, finding the British motionless, actually began a movement to turn their flank.

Then Havelock struck, and struck swiftly and hard. Maude's battery was sent forward. He took his pieces at a run to within 200 yards of the enemy's front, wheeled round, and opened fire. The British infantry, covered by a spray of skirmishers armed with Enfield rifles, swept steadily forward. The rebel general, conspicuous on a gorgeously adorned elephant, was busy directing the movements of his force ; and Maude tells the story of how Stuart Beatson, who stood near his guns, asked him to 'knock over that chap on the elephant.' 'I dismounted,' says Maude, 'and laid the gun myself, a nine-pounder, at "line of metal" (700 yards)

range, and my first shot went in under the beast's tail, and came out at his chest, rolling it over and giving its rider a bad fall.'

Its rider, as it happened, was Tantia Topee, the Nana's general; and had that nine-pound ball struck him, instead of his elephant, it might have saved the lives of the women and children in Cawnpore.

Meanwhile, the 64th and the Highlanders in one resolute charge had swept over the rebel guns. Renaud, with his Fusileers, had crumpled up their flank, and the Nana's troops, a torrent of fugitives, were in full flight to Futtehpoore. The battle was practically won in ten minutes, all the rebel guns being captured—so fierce and swift was the British advance.

The rebel Sepoys knew the fighting quality of the Sahibs; but now they found a quite new fierceness in it. Havelock's soldiers were on fire to avenge a thousand murders. And, flying fast, as Trevelyan puts it, the Nana's troops 'told everywhere that the Sahibs had come back in strange guise; some draped like women to remind them what manner of wrong they were sworn to requite; others, conspicuous by tall blue caps, who hit their mark without being seen to fire—the native description of the Enfield rifle with which the Madras Fusileers were armed.

The fight at Futtehpoore is memorable as being the first occasion on which British troops and the rebel Sepoys met in open battle. The Nana had shortly before issued a proclamation announcing that the British had 'all been destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who were firm to their religion;' and, as 'no trace of them was left, it became the duty of all the subjects of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence.' But Futtehpoore showed that 'all the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people' had not been 'sent to hell.' They had reappeared, indeed, with uncomfortable energy, and a disagreeable determination to despatch every Sepoy they could capture somewhere in that direction!

Havelock's men had marched nineteen miles, and fought and won a great battle, without a particle of food, and so dreadful was the heat that twelve men died of sunstroke. Havelock camped on July 13 to give his men rest, resumed his march on the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th found the Sepoys drawn up in great strength in front of a village called Aong, 22 miles south of Cawnpore. Renaud led his Fusileers straight at the village, and carried it with a furious bayonet charge, but the gallant leader of the 'blue caps' fell, mortally wounded, in the charge. Maude's

guns smashed the enemy's artillery, and when the Highlanders and the 64th were seen coming on the Sepoys again fled.

Havelock pressed steadily on, and found the Sepoys had rallied and were drawn up in a strong position, covered by a rivulet swollen bank-high with recent rains, known as Pandoo Nuddee. A fine stone bridge crossed the river; it was guarded by a 24-pound gun, a 25-pound carronade, and a strong force of infantry. Havelock quickly developed his plan of attack. Maude raced forward with his guns, and placed them at three different points, so as to bring a concentric fire to bear on the bridge. Maude's first blast of spherical case-shell broke the sponge staves of the heavy guns in the rebel battery, and rendered them useless.

The Sepoys tried to blow up the bridge. But Maude's fire was hot; Stephenson, with his 'blue-caps,' was coming up at the double, and the Sepoys got flurried. They had mined the bridge, and the mine was fired prematurely. The explosion shattered the parapet of the bridge, but through the white smoke came the Fusileers, their bayonets sparkling vengefully. The Highlanders followed eagerly in support. The bridge was carried, the guns taken, the rebel gunners bayoneted, the rebel centre pierced and broken, and the rebel army itself swept northwards, with infinite dust and noise, in a mere tumult of panic-stricken flight.

The British camped for the night on the battle-field. At three o'clock in the morning, with the stars sparkling keenly over their heads, and a full moon flooding the camp with its white light, Havelock formed up his men. He told them he had learned there were some 200 women and children still held as prisoners in Cawnpore, the survivors of the massacre of June 27. 'Think of our women and the little ones,' he said, 'in the power of those devils incarnate.' The men answered with a shout, and, without waiting for the word of command, went 'fours right,' and took the road.

It was a march of twenty miles. The sun rose and scorched the silent and panting ranks of the British with its pitiless heat. The Highlanders suffered most; they were wholly unprepared for a summer campaign, and were actually wearing the heavy woollen doublets intended for winter use; but their stubborn Northern blood sustained them. Every now and again, indeed, some poor fellow in the ranks dropped as though shot through the head, literally killed with the heat. Nana Sahib himself held the approach to Cawnpore, with 7,000 troops and a powerful artillery, and his position was found to be of great strength.



Havelock studied it a few minutes with keen and soldierly glance, and formed his plans. He had the genius which can use rules, but which also, on occasion, can dispense with rules. He violated all the accepted canons of war in his attack upon the Nana's position. He amused the enemy's front with the fire of a company of the Fusileers, and the manœuvres of Barrow's twenty volunteer sabres, while with his whole force he himself swept round to the right to turn the Nana's flank. Havelock, that is, risked his baggage and his communications to strike a daring blow for victory.

As Havelock's men pressed grimly forward, screened by a small grove, they heard the bands of the Sepoy regiments playing 'Auld lang syne' and 'Cheer, boys, cheer,' and the sound made the men clutch their muskets with a little touch of added fury. The Sepoys discovered Havelock's strategy rather late, and swung their guns round to meet it. Their fire smote the flank of Havelock's column cruelly, but the British never paused nor faltered. When Havelock judged his turning movement was sufficiently advanced, he wheeled the column into line. His light guns were insufficient to beat down the fire of the heavy pieces worked by the rebels, and he launched his Highlanders at the battery. They moved dourly forward under a heavy fire, till within eighty yards of the guns. Then the bayonets came down to the charge, and with heads bent low and kilts flying in the wind the Highlanders went in with a run. The charge was in perfect silence, not a shot nor a shout being heard; but it was so furious that mound and guns were carried in an instant, and the village itself swept through. As Forbes describes it, 'Mad with the ardour of battle, every drop of Highland blood afire in every vein, the Ross-shire men crashed right through the village, and cleared it before they dropped out of the double.' They had crushed the enemy's left, taken its guns, and sent a great mass of Sepoys whirling to the rear.

But the moment they emerged from the village, the great howitzer in the Nana's centre opened fire upon the Highlanders, and once more the unequal duel between bayonet and cannon had to be renewed. Havelock himself galloped up to where the Highlanders were re-forming after the confusion and rapture of their rush, and, pointing with his sword to the great howitzer, pouring its red torrent of flame upon them, cried: 'Now, Highlanders! another charge like that wins the day.'

The Gaelic blood was still on fire. The officers could hardly

restrain their men till they were roughly formed. In another moment the kilts and bonnets and bayonets of the 78th were pouring in a torrent over the big gun, and the rebel centre was broken ! Meanwhile the 64th and 84th had thrust roughly back Nana Sahib's right wing ; but, fighting bravely, the Sepoys clung with unusual courage to a village about a mile to the rear of the position they first held, and their guns, drawn up in its front, fired fast and with deadly effect.

The Highlanders, pressing on from the centre, found themselves shoulder to shoulder with the 64th, advancing from the left. Maude's guns, with the teams utterly exhausted, were a mile to the rear. Men were dropping fast in the British ranks, worn out with marching and charging under heat so cruel. In the smoke-blackened lines men were stumbling from very fatigue as they advanced on the quick red flashes and eddying smoke of the battery which covered the village. But Havelock, riding with the leading files, knew the soldier's nature 'from the crown of his shako down to his ammunition boots.' 'Who,' he cried, 'is to take that village—the Highlanders or the 64th?' Both regiments had Northern blood in them—the 64th is now known as the North Staffordshire—and that sudden appeal, that pitted regiment against regiment, sent the stout Midlanders of the 64th and the hot-blooded Gaels from the clachans and glens and loch sides of Ross-shire forward in one racing charge that carried guns and village without a check.

The battle seemed won, and Havelock, re-forming his column, moved steadily forward. But the Nana was playing his last card, and his generals at least showed desperate courage. They made a third stand athwart the Cawnpore-road, and within a short distance of Cawnpore itself. A 24-pounder, flanked on either side by guns of lighter calibre, covered the Nana's front, and his infantry, a solid mass, was drawn up behind the guns. Havelock's men had marched twenty miles, and made a dozen desperate charges. Their guns were far in the rear. Yet to halt was to be destroyed.

Havelock allowed his men to fling themselves panting on the ground for a few minutes ; then, riding to the front, and turning his back to the enemy's guns, so as to face the men, he cried in his keen, high-pitched voice, 'The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it ! The brigade will advance—left battalion leading.'

The left battalion was the 64th. Major Stirling promptly brought forward his leading files, and Havelock's son and aide-de-camp galloped down, and, riding beside Stirling, shared with him the leadership of the charge—a circumstance for which the 64th, as a matter of fact, scarcely forgave him, as they wanted no better leadership than that of their own major. There was less of élan and dash about this charge than in the earlier charges of the day; but in steady valour it was unsurpassed.

On came the 64th, silently and coolly. Havelock himself, in a letter to his wife, wrote with a father's pride about his son. 'I never saw so brave a youth,' he wrote, 'as the boy Harry: he placed himself opposite the muzzle of a gun that was scattering death into the ranks of the 64th Queen's, and led on the regiment under a shower of grape to its capture. This finished the fight. The grape was deadly, but he calm, as if telling George stories about India.'

When the steady but shot-tormented line of the 64th found itself so near the battery that through the whirling smoke they could see the toiling gunners and the gleam of Sepoy bayonets beyond them, then the British soldiers made their leap. With a shout they charged on and over the guns, and through the lines behind, and Nana Sahib's force was utterly and finally crushed. Havelock had not a sabre to launch on the flying foe; but his tired infantry, who had marched twenty miles, and fought without pause for four hours, kept up the pursuit till the outer edge of Cawnpore was reached. Then Havelock halted them; and, piling arms, the exhausted soldiers dropped in sections where they stood, falling asleep on the bare ground, careless of food or tents.

They were aroused long before daybreak, and through their ranks ran in whispers the story, grim and terrible, of the massacre which, by only a few hours, had cheated their splendid valour of its reward,

How great was the valour, how stubborn the endurance, shown thus far by Havelock's men is not easily realised. In nine days—betwixt July 7–16—they had, to quote their commander's words, 'marched under the Indian sun of July 126 miles, and fought four actions.' What better proof of hardihood, valour, and discipline could be imagined? But the British soldier is a queer compound, with very sudden and surprising alternations of virtue. When Cawnpore was won and plundered, immense stores of beer and spirits fell into the hands of the soldiers, and for a time it seemed

as if Havelock's band of heroes would dissolve into a mere ignoble gang of drunkards. Havelock promptly ordered every drinkable thing in Cawnpore to be bought or seized. 'If I had not done this,' he wrote, 'it would have required one half my force to keep the other half sober, and I should not have had a soldier in camp!'

Whether the terror of Havelock's advance on Cawnpore actually caused the massacre of the English captives there may be doubted; it certainly hastened it. Nana Sahib, to whom murder was a luxury, would no more have spared the women and the children than a tiger would spare a lamb lying under its paw. But even a tiger has its lazy moods, and, say, immediately after a full meal, is temporarily careless about fresh slaughter. Nana Sahib had supped full of cruelty, and was disposed, for a brief period at all events, to allow his captives to live. Moreover, some of the women in his own harem sent him word they would slay themselves and their children if he murdered the memsahibs and their little ones. But on the night of July 15 the fugitives from Pandoo Nuddee reached Cawnpore, amongst them being Bala Rao, the Nana's brother and general, who brought from the fight a bullet in his shoulder, and a new argument for murder in his heart.

In a council held between the Nana and his chief officials that night, the fate of the captives was discussed. Teeka Sing understood British nature so ill that he argued Havelock's men would be robbed of their only motive for continuing their advance on Cawnpore if the captives were slain. They might, he urged, risk the perils of a new battle for the sake of rescuing the captives, but not for the mere pleasure of burying them. That they might have the passion to avenge them did not enter into Teeka Sing's somewhat limited intelligence. Other chiefs argued, again, that if the captives were allowed to live, they might prove very inconvenient witnesses against a good many people.

It is probable that the strongest argument on the side of murder was the mere joy of killing somebody with a white face. Havelock's Fusileers and Highlanders declined to allow themselves to be killed; they were, in fact, slaying the Nana's Sepoys with disconcerting fury and despatch. But the heroes who had fled again and again before a British force one-fifth their number, could revenge themselves in perfect security by slaying the helpless women and children imprisoned in the Bebeeghur. So the order for massacre went forth.

From July 1 the captives, 210 in number, had been crowded

into a small building containing two rooms, each 20 ft. by 10 ft., and an open court some fifteen yards square. In that suffering and helpless crowd were five men, guessed to have been Colonels Smith and Goldie, Mr. Thornhill, the judge of Futteghur, and two others. They had neither furniture nor bedding, nor even straw, and were fed daily on a scanty ration of native bread and milk. Two of the ladies were taken across each morning to the Nana's stables, and made to grind corn at a hand-mill for hours together. This was done, not for the sake of the scanty store of flour the poor captives ground out, but by way of insult. To the Eastern imagination, when a dead enemy's womankind grind corn in the house of his slayer, captivity has reached its blackest depths. The English ladies, according to native testimony, did not object to do the work of slaves in this fashion, as it, at least, enabled them to carry back a handful of flour to their hungry little ones.

Sickness mercifully broke out amongst the captives, and in a week eighteen women and seven children died. A native doctor kept a list of these, and after Havelock captured Cawnpore the list was discovered. Months afterwards there was sad joy in many an English household when, on the evidence of this list, it was known that their loved ones had, in this way, anticipated and escaped the Nana's vengeance. One poor wife, in the sadness of that captivity, gave birth to a little one, and in the native doctor's list of deaths is the pathetic record—a tragedy in each syllable—‘An infant two days old.’

The evidence seems to show that during these terrible days the women were not exposed to outrage in the ordinary sense of that word, or to mutilation, but every indignity and horror which the Hindu imagination could plan short of that was emptied upon them, and some of the younger women, at least, were carried off to the harems of one or other of the Nana's generals. On the face of the earth there could have been at the time no other scene of anguish resembling that in the crowded and darkened rooms of the Bebeeghur, where so great a company of women and children, forsaken of hope, with the death of all their dearest behind them, sat waiting for death themselves.

Nana Sahib was an epicure in cruelty, and was disposed to take his murders in dainty and lingering instalments. At four o'clock on the afternoon of July 15 he sent over some of his officers to the Bebeeghur, and bade the Englishmen come forth. They

came out, the two colonels, the judge, a merchant named Greenaway, and his son, and with them a sixth, an English boy, fourteen years of age, nameless now, but apparently willing to share the perilous responsibilities of 'being a man.' Poor lad! Motherless, his name all unknown, his father, perhaps, floating a disfigured corpse on the sliding current of the muddy Ganges, he appears for a moment, a slender, boyish figure, in the living frescoes of that grim tragedy, and then vanishes.

Under the cool shade of a lime-tree sat Nana Sahib, dark of face, gaudy of dress, and round him a cluster of his kinsmen and officers, Bala Rao among them, whose wounded shoulder was now to be avenged. Brief ceremony was shown to this little cluster of haggard and ragged Sahibs. A grim nod from the Nana, a disorderly line of Sepoys with levelled muskets and retracted lips, and the six were shot down and their bodies cast on the dusty roadside for every passer-by to spit at.

A little before five o'clock a woman from the Nana's household stepped inside the door of the Bebeeghur, and looked over the crowd of weary mothers and wan-faced children. A curious stillness fell on the little company, while, in careless accents, the woman gave the dreadful order: they were 'all to be killed'! One English lady, with quiet courage, stepped up to the native officer who commanded the guard, and asked 'if it was true they were all to be murdered.' Even the Sepoys shrank from a crime so strange and wanton. The officer bade the Englishwomen not to be afraid, and the woman from the Nana's harem was told roughly by the soldiers that her orders would not be obeyed.

It seemed monstrous indeed that an order which was to send 200 helpless human beings to death should be brought, like a message about some domestic trifle, on a servant-woman's lips. The messenger vanished. The Sepoys on guard consulted together and agreed that with their own hands, at least, they would not slay the prisoners. According to one account they were ordered by a new messenger to fire through the windows upon the company of women and children, many now praying within. They obeyed the order to fire, and the sudden wave of flame and smoke, with the crash of twenty discharged muskets, swept over the heads of the captive crowd within. But the Sepoys, of design, fired high, and no one was wounded.

When Havelock's men afterwards entered those rooms, one little detail bore mute witness to the use to which some of the

ladies had turned the few minutes which followed the volley of the Sepoys. They evidently tore strips from their dresses, and with them tried to tie the door fast; and still those broken strips of linen and silk were hanging from the door-handles when Havelock's men, two days afterwards, entered Cawnpore.

Crime never wants instruments, and Nana Sahib soon found scoundrels willing to carry out his orders. It was a little after five o'clock—just when Stephenson's Fusileers and Hamilton's Highlanders were sweeping over the bridge at Pandoo Nuddee—that five men, each carrying a tulwar, walked to the door of the Bebeeghur. Two were rough peasants; two belonged to the butcher's caste; one wore the red uniform of the Nana's bodyguard. The five men entered, and the shuddering crowd of women and children was before them. The crowd, who watched as the door opened, saw standing erect on the threshold the English lady who had asked the native officer whether they were all to be killed. Then the door was closed, and over the scene that followed the horrified imagination refuses to linger.

Wailing, broken shrieks, the sound of running feet crept out on the shuddering air. Presently the door opened, and the man in the red uniform of the Nana's bodyguard came out with his sword broken short off at the hilt. There were 212 to be killed, and the strain on steel blades as well as on human muscles was severe!

He borrowed a fresh sword, and went back to his work, again carefully closing the door behind him. After a while he re-emerged once more with a broken blade, and, arming himself afresh, returned a third time to his dreadful business. It was dark when the five men—all alike now with reddened garments—came out and locked the door behind them, leaving that great company of wives and mothers and little children in the slaughter-house. The men had done their work but roughly, and all through the night, though no cry was heard in the Bebeeghur, yet sounds, as if sighs from dying lips, and the rustle as of struggling bodies, seemed to creep out into the darkness incessantly through its sullen windows and hard-shut doors.

At eight o'clock the next morning the five men returned, attended by a few sweepers. They opened the door, and commenced to drag the nearer bodies, by their long tresses of hair, across the courtyard to the fatal well, hard by. Then, amongst the bodies lying prone over all the floor, there was a sudden stir of living things. Were the dead coming back to life?



Native evidence, collected afterwards, reports that a few children and nearly a dozen women had contrived to escape death by hiding under the bodies of the slain. They had lain in that dreadful concealment all night, but when the five returned they crept out with pitiful cries. Some of these were slain without parley; some ran like hunted animals round the courtyard, and then threw themselves down the well. One by one the victims were dragged out, stripped, and, many of them yet living, were flung into that dreadful grave.

One native witness, quoted by Trevelyan, says, 'There was a great crowd looking on; they were standing along the walls of the compound. They were principally city people and villagers. Yes, there were also Sepoys. Three boys were alive. They were fair children. The eldest, I think, must have been six or seven, and the youngest five years. They were running round the well (where else could they go to?), and there was none to save them. No, none said a word, or tried to save them.' The youngest of these children, a tender little fellow, lunatic with terror, broke loose and ran like a hare across the courtyard. He was captured by an unsympathetic spectator, brought back, and flung down the well.

It was two days after this, on July 17, that three men of the 78th entered the court, for Havelock was now in possession of Cawnpore, and the Nana was a fugitive. The whispers and gestures of the natives drew their attention to the shut door of the bungalow. One of the Highlanders pushed open the door and stepped inside. 'The next moment,' to quote Archibald Forbes, 'he came rushing out, his face ghastly, his hands working convulsively, his whole aspect, as he strove in vain to gasp out some articulate sounds, showing that he had seen some dreadful sight.' No living thing was in the place; but the matting that covered the floor was one great sponge of blood, and he who had crossed it found himself, to borrow Burns's phrase, 'red wat shod.'

Little pools of blood filled up each inequality in the rough floor. It was strewn with pitiful relics, broken combs, pinafores, children's shoes, little hats, the leaves of books, fragments of letters. The plastered wall was hacked with sword-cuts, 'not high up, as where men had fought, but low down and about the corners, as if a creature had crouched to avoid a blow.' Long locks of hair were strewn about, severed, but not with scissors.

There were no inscriptions on the walls, but many a pitiful

record upon the scattered papers on the floor. A few childish curls marked 'Ned's hair, with love;' the fly-leaf of a Bible, with a loving inscription—giver and recipient now both dead; a prayer-book, pages splashed red where once praying eyes had lingered. The pages of one grimly appropriate book—Drelin-court's 'Preparation for Death'—were scattered over the whole floor.

. . . . .

To write this story is a distress, to read it must be wellnigh an anguish. Yet we may well endure to know what our countrymen and countrywomen have suffered. Their sufferings are part of the price at which a great empire has been built.

Into what a passion of fury—half generous, half devilish—the soldiers who looked on these things were kindled may well be imagined. It will be remembered that Neill compelled some of the Sepoys captured at Cawnpore, and guilty of a share in this tragedy—high-caste Brahmins—to clean up, under the whip, a few square inches of the blood-stained floor, and then immediately hanged them, burying them in a ditch afterwards. These Brahmins, that is, were first ceremonially defiled, and then executed. That was an inhumanity unworthy of the English name, which Lord Clyde promptly forbade.

Nana Sahib had fled the Palace. Principality, and power, and wealth, all had vanished. He was, like Cain, a fugitive on the face of the earth. In what disguises he hid himself, through what remote and lonely regions he wandered, where he died, or how, no man knows. His name has become an execration, his memory a horror.

The Bebeeghur has disappeared. The site where it once stood is now a beautiful garden. In the centre of the garden, circled with a fringe of ever-sighing cypresses, is a low mound, with fence of open stonework. The circular space within is sunken, and upon the centre of the sunken floor rises the figure—not too artistic, unhappily—of an angel in marble, with clasped hands and outspread wings. On the pedestal runs the inscription: 'Sacred to the perpetual memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who, near this spot, were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Doondoo Punth, of Bithoor, and cast, the dying and the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857.'

(To be continued.)

## PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

## III. FROM LICHFIELD.

'LICH, a dead carcase; whence Lichfield, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens.*' The quotation is from the great Dictionary of Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws. Whether the derivation holds its own in days when both philology and history are no longer experimental sciences, I am not sure; but, quite apart from philology, the description of Lichfield as a field of the dead is an admirably true one. The swarm of visitors who settle down upon the comely city every summer do not come, in the first instance, for the sake of the Cathedral, beautiful as it is, especially as seen from the Minster Pool; they come as to a Campo Santo, a field of the dead. They stare at Johnson's house in the Market Place, and try to fit a story to the bas-reliefs on his monument; they look in at the relics at the Museum; and then, if there is time, they attend a service at the Cathedral and depart. To me, who know no living man in the place, and have the gift of short sight which helps the imagination, Lichfield is not only a field of the dead—it is a city of ghosts. If I go into the Cathedral, the congregation are all in the dress of the eighteenth century, and the Dean I see in his stall is the octogenarian Addenbrooke, whom Johnson in his 'Journey to the Western Highlands' denounced for proposing to strip the lead from the Cathedral roof, though he afterwards struck out the passage. If I wander through the Museum, the solitary visitor I see there is Boswell affecting an interest in the curious collection brought together by Mr. Richard Green, the apothecary; and on closer examination I am sure the main part of the natural curiosities must be the same. The Queen of Otaheite's hair, given to a love-sick midgy in 1773, must have appealed to Boswell's sentimental fancy as to mine; and the gut of a Russian fur seal, measuring sixteen yards, excited the envious admiration of us both.<sup>1</sup> The fine eighteenth-century

<sup>1</sup> I have the advantage, indeed, in the Johnson memorials—the saucer from which the great man ate his morning roll; the silver buckles for which he refused to give more than two guineas; his cribbage-board, drinking-cup, and salt-cellars; though Boswell had seen these in more natural surroundings.

mansions which are freely scattered in the principal streets and suburbs are tenanted for me, not by their present very respectable occupiers, but by the ladies and gentlemen who performed their orbits round the two great suns of Lichfield—Samuel Johnson and Erasmus Darwin. Let me devote this letter to some memories of these extinct satellites.

The former of the twin circles of influence can hardly be called a circle, because its centre was very seldom in Lichfield. It came into existence when the great man paid his annual visit to his native town, and then faded. It was genteel rather than literary; and, unlike the other, its members have little or no claim to remembrance on their own account. That is why, as I kick my heels in the coffee-room of the Three Crowns, it is pleasant to remember them. The Great Cham at times spoke of them respectfully, at other times with gentle sadness. On one occasion he described the inhabitants as 'a city of philosophers,' and said of them that they were the genteeldest in proportion to their wealth and spoke the purest English. But in a letter to Mrs. Thrale he tells her: 'Whatever Burney may think of the celerity of fame, the name of *Evelina* had never been heard at Lichfield till I brought it. I am afraid my dear townsmen will be mentioned in future days as the last part of this nation that was civilised.'

Who were these pure-speaking philosophers who had not heard of Fanny Burney, four years after London had been taken by storm? First of all, there was a Mrs. Cobb, and her niece Miss Adey, who lived at the Friary. The Friary—a house of the Grey Friars—is one of several mediæval houses still remaining in Lichfield. It stands well back from the road—'an agreeable sequestered place,' as Boswell calls it—in St. John's Street. Both Mrs. Cobb and Miss Adey are somewhat shadowy personages. The only scene in which they figure at all distinctly in Boswell's pages is on the occasion of his visit to Lichfield, when he presented himself at the Friary while the ladies were still at breakfast. In his letter to the Doctor describing the visit he says:

I next went to the Friary, where I at first occasioned some tumult in the ladies, who were not prepared to receive *company* so early; but my *name*, which has by wonderful felicity come to be closely associated with yours, soon made all easy; and Mrs. Cobb and Miss Adey re-assumed their seats at the breakfast-table, which they had quitted with some precipitation.

Except for this one brief flash, the great Biography throws no light on the internal economy of the Friary, or on the characters of

its inmates; and the letters of Johnson to his Lichfield correspondents, with their constant conclusion, 'Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb and Miss Adey,' do not help us any more. To Miss Seward, however, the Swan of Lichfield, of whose prose carollings six volumes were given to an impatient world, we owe several references which make up in acerbity what they probably lack in truth. The occasion of her reference is the death of the elder lady and the appearance of an obituary notice:

You would be sorryish to hear that poor Moll Cobb, as Dr. Johnson used to call her, is gone to her long home. If you saw the ridiculous, puffing, hyperbolic character of her in the public papers, it would make you stare and smile at the credence due to newspaper portraits. . . . Its author well knew the uniform contempt with which Johnson spoke both of the head and heart of this personage, well as he liked the convenience of her chaise, the 'taste of her sweetmeats and strawberries,' and the idolatry of her homage. Nauseous therefore was the public and solemn mention of Johnson's friendship for Mrs. Cobb, of whose declaration respecting her in a room full of company here, the panegyrist had so often heard [no doubt from the Swan herself]. 'How should,' exclaimed Johnson, 'how should Moll Cobb be a wit? Cobb has read nothing, Cobb knows nothing; and where nothing has been put into the brain, nothing can come out of it to any purpose of rational entertainment.'

The Swan then proceeds to allow that Mrs. Cobb's brain had much of shrewd, biting, and humorous satire native to the soil, which had often 'amused very superior minds to her own.' The only specimen of this native humour that I have been able to disinter is the calling a certain lady a 'bank bill' because any one would have been glad to accept her.

The last time I was in Lichfield I stood before the decent eighteenth-century monument in St. Michael's Church to the Lady of the Friary, and was grateful that the Swan had not been asked to choose the epitaph. For the letter I have already quoted from concludes as follows: 'She was a very selfish character, nor knew the warmth of friendship, nor the luxury of bestowing. Yet to her we may apply what Henry V. says of Falstaff,

We could have better spared a better man.'

Is there not preserved in some eighteenth-century memoir the character which the 'biting and humorous satire' of this female Falstaff had given of the 'very superior mind' of the Swan?

Another pair of ladies were two sisters, Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Gastrell, who lived at Stowhill. The former was a maiden lady, the latter a widow—widow, indeed, of that famous clergyman who cut down Shakespeare's mulberry-tree to vex his neighbours. According to Boswell, they 'had each a house and

garden and pleasure-ground prettily situated upon Stowhill, a gentle eminence adjoining to Lichfield.' Thither Dr. Johnson used to 'climb up' once a day on every visit to Lichfield, and when he was in town sent them joint letters and barrels of oysters. The last preserved of the letters is one of the last he ever wrote, and is not one of the least touching in the language:

Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to the Ladies at Stowhill, of whom he would have taken a more formal leave, but that he was willing to spare a ceremony, which he hopes would have been no pleasure to them, and would have been painful to himself.

From the letters collected by the enthusiastic industry of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and from the pages of Boswell, the impression we get of these ladies is wholly charming. And in 'Johnsoniana' there is an anecdote that Johnson would sit at a table in the window of one of the houses writing at his 'Lives of the Poets' while these ladies and their sisters chatted round him—a story which would account for certain lapses in that celebrated work. Mrs. Aston, in 1771 had a paralytic stroke, and from that time till Johnson's death in 1784 his letters are full of the most anxious inquiries and counsels as to her health. On October 17, 1781, he writes to Mrs. Thrale:

On my way to Lichfield, where I believe Mrs. Aston will be glad to see me. We have known each other long, and by consequence, are both old; and she is paralytick; and if I do not see her soon, I may see her no more in this world.

As the years drew on and all the friends grew more infirm the annual visit took a sadder colour.

The only distinguishing epithets that I find Johnson applying to these ladies are that he calls Mrs. Gastrell 'lively' and Mrs. Aston 'a very good woman.' For a more definite picture we must again betake ourselves to the imaginative lady, the Swan of Lichfield. No Johnsonian, no lover of Lichfield and its literary ladies, no natural philosopher interested in the working of the feminine literary mind, should fail to read the letter written in reply to Mr. Boswell's request for information about his hero. That gentleman did not print the letter or its contents in his memoirs because, as he said, 'his book was to be a real history, and not a novel;' so that we may be grateful to the lady for preserving a copy. I have only room here for the paragraph referring to Mrs. Aston:

You request the conversation that passed between Johnson and myself in company, on the subject of Mrs. Elizabeth Aston, of Stowe Hill, then living, with

whom he always past so much time when he was in Lichfield, and for whom he professed so great a friendship. . . .

I have often heard my mother say, Doctor, that Mrs. Elizabeth Aston was in her youth a very beautiful woman; and that, with all the censoriousness and spiteful spleen of a very bad temper, she had great powers of pleasing, that she was lively, insinuating, and intelligent. I knew her not till the vivacity of her youth had long been extinguished, and I confess I looked in vain for the traces of former ability. I wish to have *your* opinion, Sir, of what she was, *you* who knew her so well in her *best* days.

My dear, when thy mother told thee Aston was handsome, thy mother told thee truth; she was very handsome. When thy mother told thee that Aston loved to abuse her neighbours, she told the truth; but when thy mother told thee that Aston had any marked ability in that same abusive business, that wit gave it zest, or imagination colour, thy mother did not tell thee truth. No, no, Madam, Aston's understanding was not of any strength, either native or acquired.

It is not impossible that Ursa Major, who was a great stickler for truth, may have at some time expressed himself in some such way if a leading question had been put to him, both about Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Cobb; but in his authentic letters, even to Mrs. Thrale, with whom he jests occasionally about his Lichfield friends, there is no criticism of the sort; and the Swan was undoubtedly a poet. The worst Johnson has to say of these ladies' conversation is that it sometimes concerned itself with trifles:

Lady Smith has got a new post-chaise, which is not nothing to talk on at Lichfield. Little things here serve for conversation. Mrs. Aston's parrot pecked my leg, and I heard of it some time after at Mrs. Cobb's.

We deal in nicer things

Than routing armies and dethroning kings.

A week ago Mrs. Cobb gave me sweetmeats to breakfast, and I heard of it last night at Stowhill. [This is the passage which the Swan so delicately introduced into her character of Mrs. Cobb.]

Of Lady Smith I know no more than the 'Letters' tell—viz. that she settled at Lichfield in 1775 and 'saw company at her new house.' Probably her new house had received a fresh inmate before Miss Seward began in 1784 those six volumes of correspondence which have made her and her friends immortal. Minor satellites were the new Dean's lady, Mrs. Proby, 'a lady that talks about Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter,' and Miss Vyse, daughter of a Lichfield archdeacon and brother of the Dr. Vyse who asked the Swan for a verse epitaph for Garrick's monument in the Cathedral, praised it when it was sent in, 'but lo!' (as the muse exclaims in a letter to William Hayley) 'the monument appears with only a prose inscription!' She could not bring herself to tell her poetical friend that the prose in question was a



certain sentence by Dr. Johnson about 'eclipsing the gaiety of nations.'

But all this time we have said nothing of the lady to whom most of Johnson's Lichfield letters are addressed, and who stood highest in his affections—Miss (afterwards Mrs.) Lucy Porter, the daughter of Johnson's wife by her first marriage with a Birmingham mercer. The Swan, with her romantic notions, would have us believe that Johnson was in love with the daughter before he proposed to the mother, and brings in evidence some verses (which were printed in Boswell's first edition) said to have been addressed to her. But the verses were shown to have had another origin, and the story may be treated as poetry. Johnson's letters display an affection something more respectful than fatherly, but obviously sincere and deep. He writes to Miss Porter sometimes as 'Dear madam,' sometimes as 'My dear,' sometimes as 'My dearest Dear,' or 'My dearest Love,' and signs himself 'Your affectionate humble servant.' Not seldom the letters reveal a pathetic eagerness that his affection should be returned :

I had no thoughts of ceasing to correspond with my dear Lucy, the only person now left in the world with whom I think myself connected. Every heart must lean to somebody, and I have nobody but you.

I shall take it very kindly if you make it a rule to write to me once at least every week, for I am now very desolate, and am loth to be universally forgotten.

This was immediately after the death of his mother, with whom Miss Porter had lived ; but again and again the same strain comes out :

As we daily see our friends die round us, we that are left must cling closer, and, if we can do nothing more, at least pray for one another.

I will not suppose that it is for want of kindness that you did not answer my last letter; and I therefore write again to tell you that I have, by God's great mercy, still continued to grow better.

Miss Porter seems to have been a very Cordelia in her inability to heave her heart into her mouth, and poor Johnson longed for an occasional evidence that his warm feelings were understood :

By the carrier of this week you will receive a box, in which I have put some books, most of which were your poor dear mamma's, and a diamond ring, which I hope you will wear as my new year's gift. If you receive it with as much kindness as I send it, you will not slight it ; you will be very fond of it.

When I go back to London, I will take care of your reading-glass. Whenever I can do anything for you, remember, my dear darling, that one of my greatest pleasures is to please you.

I find from an unpublished letter to which I have had access that the glass was duly sent. When any show of interest was made,

Johnson's response to it was delighted. He is very careful to note the fact whenever his Lucy presses him to stay longer on his annual visits to Lichfield. In 1763 she had inherited from her brother (a captain in the navy) ten thousand pounds, and built herself a big house.

I longed for Taylor's chaise;<sup>1</sup> but I think Lucy did not long for it, though she was not sorry to see it. Lucy is a philosopher; and considers me as one of the external and accidental things that are to be taken and left without emotion. If I could learn of Lucy would it be better? [*To Mrs. Thrale, July 17, 1771.*]

My purpose was to have made haste to you and Streatham; and who would have expected that I should be stopped by Lucy? Hearing me give Francis [his black servant] orders to take us places, she told me that I should not go till after next week. I thought it proper to comply; for I was pleased to find that I could please, and proud of shewing you that I do not come an universal out-cast. Lucy is likewise a very peremptory maiden; and if I had gone without permission, I am not very sure that I might have been welcome at another time. [*Ib. Aug. 3.*]

This was to have been my last letter from this place, but Lucy says I must not go this week. Fits of tenderness with Mrs. Lucy are not common; but she seems now to have a little paroxysm, and I was not willing to counteract it. The lady at Stowhill says, 'How comes Lucy to be such a sovereign? all the town besides could not have kept you.'

What was the true character of this little lady? May we not suspect that a very real affection sometimes took the malign form of jealousy? For there were many ladies at Lichfield. The following paragraph is not without significance on such an hypothesis:

I go every day to Stowhill; both the sisters are now at home. I sent Mrs. Aston a *Taxation* and sent it nobody else, and Lucy borrowed it. Mrs. Aston seems that enquired by a messenger when I was expected. I can tell nothing about it, answered Lucy; when he is to be here I suppose she'll know.

We can see something of the truth, reading between the lines of the patronising sketch drawn by Miss Seward for the amusement of one of her correspondents:

Apupos of old maids.—After a gradual decline of a few months we have lost dear Mrs. Porter, the earliest object of Dr. Johnson's love. This was some years before he married her mother. In youth her fair clean complexion, bloom, and

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<sup>1</sup> The chaise in question is described by Boswell as 'an equipage properly suited to a wealthy well-beneficed clergyman; drawn by four stout plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postillions.' Dr. Taylor was a man with two ambitions in life: to have the biggest bull in England and to be a dean. The first prayer the Fates probably granted, though a man was once known to say he had seen a bigger; the second they did not. Johnson always visited his friend's rectory at Ashbourne, on his way to or from Lichfield.

rustic prettiness pleased the men. More than once she might have married advantageously ; but as to the enamoured affections,

High Taurus' snow, fann'd by the Eastern wind,  
Was not more cold.

Spite of the accustomed petulance of her temper and odd perverseness, since she had no malignance, I regard her as a friendly creature, of intrinsic worth, with whom from childhood I had been intimate. She was one of those few beings who from a sturdy singularity of temper and some prominent good qualities of head and heart, was enabled, even in her days of scanty maintenance, to make society glad to receive, and pet the grown spoiled child. Affluence was not hers till it came to her in her fortieth year, by the death of her eldest brother. From the age of twenty till that period she had boarded in Lichfield with Dr. Johnson's mother, who still kept that little bookseller's shop, by which her husband had supplied the scanty means of existence. Meantime Lucy Porter kept the best company of our little city, but would make no engagement on market days lest Granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. There Lucy Porter took her place, standing behind the counter, nor thought it a disgrace to thank a poor person who purchased from her a penny battledore.

With a marked vulgarity of address and language, and but little intellectual cultivation, she had a certain shrewdness of understanding, and piquant humour, with the most perfect truth and integrity. By these good traits in her character were the most respectable inhabitants of this place induced to bear with kind smiles her mulish obstinacy and perverse contradictions. Johnson himself, often her guest, set the example, and extended to her that compliant indulgence which he shewed not to any other person. I have heard her scold him like a school-boy for soiling her floor with his shoes, for she was clean as a Dutchwoman in her house, and exactly neat in her person. Dress, too, she loved in her odd way ; but we will not assert that the Graces were her handmaids. Friendly, cordial, and cheerful to those she loved, she was more esteemed, more amusing, and more regretted, than many a polished character, over whose smooth but insipid surface, the attention of those who have *mind* passes listless and uninterested.

One forgives the Swan a good deal of her verjuice for that little vignette of Lucy Porter behind the counter on market-days. She outlived Johnson rather more than a year, and bequeathed her fortune to Mr. Pearson, a clergyman of the place, who acted as her domestic chaplain. In roaming round the city to-day I came upon a monument to her in Stow Church, of which I have never seen any mention in print. It represents a sarcophagus surmounted by an urn, is of a good shape, and bears the following inscription :

In a vault near this place are deposited the remains of Lucy Porter, who died the 13th of January, 1786, aged 70 years. To whose memory in gratitude for her liberal Acts of Friendship conferred on him, this Monument is erected by the Rev<sup>d</sup> L. B. Pearson.

It is time now to say a word about the other Lichfield coterie. The centre of the system was, as I have said, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of 'The Loves of the Plants,' and grandfather of the still

more famous author of the 'Origin of Species.' He was as great in science as Johnson in morals, and if Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes' has survived the 'Loves of the Plants,' it is because ethics has more affinity with poetry than a theory of evolution. As verse, of the school of Pope, Darwin's poem has considerable merits, and it well deserved the parody of the anti-Jacobin. Darwin and Johnson had sufficient similarity among many differences to make them repellent of each other; both were dictatorial, easily moved to anger and caustic speech, and intolerant of opposition; but while Johnson was a Tory of the Tories and a Churchman of the school of Sacheverell, Darwin was a Radical and Freethinker and a correspondent of Rousseau. They rarely met, purposely avoiding each other; and from Johnson's Letters and Boswell's 'Life' no one would guess that such a person as Darwin was the most prominent inhabitant of Lichfield from 1757 to 1781.

Who were Darwin's satellites? Chief among them were the Swan of Lichfield, who became his biographer; her father, the Rev. Mr. Seward, a canon of the Cathedral and editor of a very bad edition of Beaumont and Fletcher; the Rev. Archdeacon Vyse (father of the Miss Vyse who belonged to the opposition), who is described by the Swan as 'of Prioric talents in the metrical impromptu'; Sir Brooke Boothby, a Rousseau-ite, who replied to Burke's tract on the French Revolution; and on their frequent visits to the neighbourhood two gentlemen, also followers of Rousseau, but better known to posterity—Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of the still more renowned Maria, and his friend Thomas Day, author of 'Sandford and Merton.' Edgeworth came to visit Darwin, not from his fame as a physician (though this was deservedly widespread), but from the rumour of his invention of a new carriage on an entirely new system—an invention which, it may be added, nearly proved fatal to its inventor and several of his friends, including the Swan herself. From Lichfield Edgeworth presently secured the middle pair of his four wives. Day, though not so brilliant a figure as his friend, was more whole-hearted in his adoption of Rousseau's system; for while Edgeworth was content with bringing up his son as an Emile, Day endeavoured to return to nature one step further by providing himself with an ideal mother of his children. His matrimonial experiments are described by Miss Seward in the 'Life of Darwin' with immense *gusto*, and as the book is not now in every library an extract may be appreciated; but the reader

must once again remember that the biographer was a poet. Day obtained leave to choose a fair-haired girl from an orphanage at Shrewsbury, and a brunette from the Foundling Hospital in London, in order to educate them in his principles, with a view to marrying whichever proved the more satisfactory; in the event of his marrying neither, he promised to provide a portion for the one who had been educated, and an apprenticeship for the other. While he was travelling with them and making up his mind upon their merits, the young ladies spent their time in quarrelling and having small-pox. In the end, Lucretia the brunette was apprenticed, and Sabrina came to Lichfield to be trained. This was the process as Miss Seward describes it:

‘It has been said before that the fame of Dr. Darwin’s talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the spring of the year 1770, the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve months’ possession of the pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or suppress her screams.

The romance of Day’s courtship and marriage should be read in Miss Seward’s pages. Finding it impossible to train Sabrina in Spartan habits, he offered his hand in succession to the two sisters Sneyd who (in succession) subsequently married his friend Edgeworth; the former declined the offer, the latter temporised; and there was an undertaking that the philosopher should go to Paris for a year, and commit himself to dancing and fencing masters. ‘He did so; stood daily an hour or two in frames to screw back his shoulders and point his feet; he practised the military gait, the fashionable bow, minuets and cotillions; but it was too late.’ When he returned the lady ungratefully told him she preferred him in the state of nature. Happily he soon found a wife who was thoroughly devoted to him, and they lived together a life of nature and philanthropy until a horse, which he was endeavouring to break in by kindness, threw him and broke his skull. This was in 1783; but already in 1781 the Lichfield circle had broken up, owing to the second marriage of Dr. Darwin, whose wife, for unexplained but not unsuspected reasons, had taken an aversion to Lichfield society.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

*COUNT HANNIBAL.*<sup>1</sup>

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DIPLOMACY.

WHERE the old wall of Paris, of which no vestige remains, ran down on the east to the north bank of the river, the space in the angle between the Seine and the ramparts beyond the Rue St. Pol wore at this date an aspect typical of the troubles of the time. Along the waterside the gloomy old Palace of St. Pol, once the residence of the mad King Charles the Sixth—and his wife, the abandoned Isabeau de Bavière—sprawled its maze of mouldering courts and ruined galleries, a dreary monument of the Gothic days which were passing from France. Its spacious curtilage and dark pleasaunces covered all the ground between the river and the Rue St. Antoine; and north of this, under the shadow of the eight great towers of the Bastille, which looked, four outward to check the stranger, four inward to bridle the town, a second palace, beginning where St. Pol ended, carried the realm of decay to the city wall.

This second palace was the Hôtel des Tournelles, a fantastic medley of turrets, spires, and gables, that equally with its neighbour recalled the days of the English domination; for it had been the abode of the Regent Bedford. From his time it had remained for a hundred years the town residence of the kings of France; but the death of Henry II., slain in its lists by the lance of the same Montgomery who was this day fleeing for his life before Guise, had given his widow a distaste for it. Catherine de Médicis, her sons, and the Court had abandoned it; already its gardens lay a tangled wilderness, its roofs let in the rain, rats played where kings had slept; and in 'our palace of the Tournelles' reigned only silence and decay. Unless, indeed, as was whispered abroad,

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1901, by Stanley J. Weyman, in the United States of America.

the grim shade of the eleventh Louis sometimes walked in its desolate precincts.

In the innermost angle between the ramparts and the river, shut off from the rest of Paris by the decaying courts and encintes of these forsaken palaces, stood the Arsenal. Destroyed in great part by the explosion of a powder-mill a few years earlier, it was in the main new; and by reason of its river frontage, which terminated at the ruined tower of Billy, and its proximity to the Bastille, it was esteemed one of the keys of Paris. It was the appanage of the Master of the Ordnance, and within its walls M. de Biron, who held the office at this time, a Huguenot in politics, if not in creed, had secured himself on the first alarm. During the day he had admitted a number of refugees, whose courage or good luck had brought them to his gate; and as night fell—on such a carnage as the hapless city had not beheld since the great slaughter of the Armagnacs, one hundred and fifty-four years earlier—the glow of his matches through the dusk, and the sullen tramp of his watchmen as they paced the walls, indicated that there was still one place in Paris where the King's will did not run.

In comparison with the disorder which prevailed in the city, a deadly quiet reigned here; a stillness so chill that a timid man must have stood and hesitated to approach. But a stranger who at nightfall rode along the street towards the entrance, with a single footman running at his stirrup, only nodded a stern approval of the preparations. As he passed he cast an attentive eye this way and that; until a hoarse challenge brought him up when he had come within six horses' lengths of the Arsenal gate. He reined up obediently, and raising his voice, asked in clear tones for M. de Biron.

'Go,' he continued, 'tell the Grand Master that one from the King is here, and would speak with him'.

'From the King of France?' the officer on the gate asked.

'Surely! Is there more than one king in France?'

A curse and a bitter cry of 'King? King Herod!' were followed by a muttered discussion which, in the ears of one of the two who waited in the gloom below, boded little good. The two could descry figures moving to and fro before the faint red light of the smouldering matches; and presently a man on the gate kindled a torch, and held it so as to fling its light downward. The stranger's attendant cowered behind the horse. 'Have a care, my lord!' he whispered. 'They are aiming at us!'



If so the rider's bold front and unmoved demeanour gave them pause. Presently, 'I will send for the Grand Master' the man who had spoken before announced. 'In whose name, monsieur?'

'No matter,' the stranger answered. 'Say, one from the King.'

'You are alone?'

'I shall enter alone.'

The assurance seemed to be satisfactory, for the man answered 'Good!' and after a brief delay a wicket in the gate was opened, the portcullis creaked upward, and a plank was thrust across the ditch. The horseman waited until the preparations were complete; then he slid to the ground, threw his rein to his servant, and boldly walked across. In three paces he passed from the dark street, the river, and the sounds of outrage, which the night breeze bore from the farther bank; he stood within the vaulted gateway, in a bright glare of light, the centre of a ring of gleaming eyes and angry faces.

The light blinded him for a few seconds; but the guards, on their side, were in no better case. For the stranger was masked; and in their ignorance who it was looked at them through the slits in the black velvet they stared, disconcerted, and at a loss. There were some there with naked weapons in their hands who would have struck him through had they known who he was; and more who would have stood aside while the deed was done. But the uncertainty—that and the masked envoy's tone paralysed them. For as he stood before them they reflected that he might be any one. Condé, indeed, stood too small, but Navarre, if he lived, might fill that cloak; or Guise, or Anjou, or the King himself. And while some would not have scrupled to strike the blood royal, more would have been quick to protect and avenge it. And so before the dark uncertainty of the mask, before the riddle of the smiling eyes which glittered through the slits, they stared irresolute; until a hand, the hand of one bolder than his fellows, was thrust out to pluck away the screen.

The unknown dealt the fellow a buffet with his fist. 'Down, rascal!' he said hoarsely. 'And you'—to the officer—'show me instantly to M. de Biron!'

But the lieutenant, who stood in fear of his men, looked at him doubtfully. 'Nay,' he said, 'not so fast!' And one of the others, taking the lead, cried, 'No! We may have no need of M. de Biron. Your name, monsieur, first.'

With a quick movement the stranger gripped the officer's wrist. 'Tell your master,' he said, 'that he who clasped his wrist *thus* on the night of Pentecost is here, and would speak with him! And say, mark you, that I will come to him, not he to me!'

The sign and the tone imposed upon the boldest. Two-thirds of the watch were Huguenots, who burned to avenge the blood of their fellows; and these, overriding their officer, had agreed to deal with the intruder, if a Papegot, without recourse to the Grand Master, whose moderation they dreaded. A knife-thrust in the ribs, and another body in the ditch—why not, when such things were done outside? But even these doubted now; and M. Peridol, the lieutenant, reading in the eyes of his fellows the suspicions which he had himself conceived, was only anxious to obey, if they would let him. So gravely, indeed, was he impressed by the bearing of the unknown that he turned when he had withdrawn a few paces, and came back to assure himself that the men meditated no harm in his absence; nor until he had exchanged a frown and a whisper with one of them would he leave them and go.

While he was upon his errand the envoy leaned against the wall of the gateway, and, with his chin sunk on his breast and his mind fallen into reverie, seemed unconscious of the dark glances of which he was the target. He remained in this position until the officer's return, followed by a man with a lantern. This roused the unknown, who, invited to follow Peridol, traversed two courts without remark, and in the same silence entered a building in the extreme eastern corner of the enceinte abutting on the ruined Tour de Billy. Here, in an upper floor, the Governor of the Arsenal had established his temporary lodging.

The chamber into which the stranger was introduced betrayed the haste in which it had been prepared. Two silver lamps which hung from the beams of the unceiled roof shed light on a medley of arms and inlaid armour, of parchments, books, and steel caskets, which encumbered not the tables only, but the stools and chests that, after the fashion of that day, stood formally along the arras. In the midst of the disorder, on the bare floor, walked the man who, more than any other, had been instrumental in drawing the Huguenots to Paris—and to their doom. It was not wonderful that the events of the day, the surprise and horror—for he had shared their deception and danger—still rode his mind; nor wonderful that he who was already a byword for a certain formal

reserve of manner, betrayed for once the indignation which filled his breast. Until the officer had withdrawn and closed the door he did, indeed, keep silence; standing beside the table and eyeing his visitor with a stern glance. But the moment he was assured that they were alone he spoke.

'Your Highness may unmask now,' he said, making no effort to hide his contempt. 'Yet were you well advised to take the precaution, since you had hardly come at me in safety without it. Had those who keep the gate below recognised you, I could not have answered for your Highness's life! The more shame,' he continued vehemently, 'on the deeds of this day which have compelled the brother of a king of France to hide his face in his own capital and in his own fortress. For I dare to say, monsieur, what no other will say, now the Admiral is dead. You have brought back the days of the Armagnacs. You have brought bloody days and an evil name on France, and I pray God that you may not pay in your turn what you have exacted. But if you continue to be advised by M. de Guise, this I will say, monsieur'—and his voice fell low and stern. 'Burgundy slew Orleans, indeed; but he came in his turn to the Bridge of Montereau.'

'You take me for Monsieur?' the unknown asked. And it was plain that he smiled under his mask.

Biron's face altered. 'I take you,' he answered sharply, 'for him whose sign you sent me.'

'The wisest are sometimes astray,' the other answered with a low laugh. And he took off his mask.

The Grand Master started back, his eyes sparkling with anger. 'M. de Tavannes?' he cried, and for a moment he was silent in sheer astonishment. Then, striking his hand on the table, 'What means this trickery?' he asked.

'It is of the simplest,' Tavannes answered coolly. 'And yet, as you just now said, I had hardly come at you without it. And I had to come at you. No, M. de Biron,' he added quickly, as Biron in a rage laid his hand on a bell which stood beside him on the table, 'you cannot that way undo what is done.'

'I can at least deliver you,' the Grand Master answered, in heat, 'to those who will deal with you as you have dealt with us and ours.'

'It will avail you nothing,' Count Hannibal replied soberly. 'For see here, M. de Biron, I come from the King. If you are at

war with him, and hold his fortress in his teeth, I am his ambassador and sacrosanct. If you are at peace with him and hold it at his will, I am his servant, and safe also.'

'At peace and safe?' Biron cried, his voice trembling with indignation. 'And are those safe or at peace who came here trusting to *his* word, who lay in his palace and slept in his beds? Where are they, and how have they fared, that you dare appeal to the law of nations, or he to the loyalty of Biron? And for you to beard me, whose brother to-day hounded the dogs of this vile city on the noblest in France, who have leagued yourself with a crew of foreigners to do a deed which will make our country stink in the nostrils of the world when we are dust! You, to come here and talk of peace and safety! M. de Tavannes'—and he struck his hand on the table—'you are a bold man. I know why the King had a will to send you, but I know not why you had the will to come.'

'That I will tell you later,' Count Hannibal answered coolly. 'For the King, first. My message is brief, M. de Biron. Have you a mind to hold the scales in France?'

'Between?' Biron asked contemptuously.

'Between the Lorrainers and the Huguenots.'

The Grand Master scowled fiercely. 'I have played the go-between once too often,' he growled.

'It is no question of going between, it is a question of holding between,' Tavannes answered coolly. 'It is a question—but, in a word, have you a mind, M. de Biron, to be Governor of Rochelle? The King, having dealt the blow that has been struck to-day, looks to follow up severity, as a wise ruler should, with indulgence. And to quiet the minds of the Rochellois he would set over them a ruler at once acceptable to them—or war must come of it—and faithful to his Majesty. Such a man, M. de Biron, will in such a post be Master of the Kingdom; for he will hold the doors of Janus, and as he bridles his sea-dogs, or unchains them, there will be peace or war in France.'

'Is all that from the King's mouth?' Biron asked with sarcasm. But his passion had died down. He was grown thoughtful, suspicious; he eyed the other as if he would read his heart.

'The offer is his, and the reflections are mine,' Tavannes answered dryly. 'Let me add one more. The Admiral is dead. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé are prisoners. Who is now to balance the Italians and the Guises? The Grand

Master—if he be wise and content to give the law to France from the citadel of Rochelle.’

Biron stared at the speaker in astonishment at his frankness. ‘You are a bold man,’ he cried at last. But *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,’ he continued bitterly. ‘You offer, sir, too much.’

‘The offer is the King’s.’

‘And the conditions? The price?’

‘That you remain quiet, M. de Biron.’

‘In the Arsenal?’

‘In the Arsenal. And do not too openly counteract the King’s will. That is all.’

The Grand Master looked puzzled. I will give up no one,’ he said. ‘No one! Let that be understood.’

‘The King requires no one.’

A pause. Then, ‘Does M. de Guise know of the offer?’ Biron inquired; and his eye grew bright. He hated the Guises and was hated by them. It was *there* he was a Huguenot.

‘He has gone far to-day,’ Count Hannibal answered dryly. ‘And if no worse come of it should be content. Madame Catherine knows of it.’

The Grand Master was aware that Marshal Tavannes depended on the Queen-mother; and he shrugged his shoulders. ‘Ay, ’tis like her policy,’ he muttered. ‘’Tis like her!’ And pointing his guest to a cushioned chest which stood against the wall, he sat down in a chair beside the table and thought awhile, his brow wrinkled, his eyes dreaming. By-and-by he laughed sourly. ‘You have lighted the fire,’ he said, ‘and would fain I put it out.’

‘We would have you hinder it spreading.’

‘You have done the deed and are loth to pay the blood-money. That is it, is it not?’

‘We prefer to pay it to M. de Biron,’ Count Hannibal answered civilly.

Again the Grand Master was silent awhile. At length he looked up and fixed Tavannes with eyes keen as steel. ‘What is behind?’ he growled. ‘Say, man, what is it? What is behind?’

‘If there be aught behind, I do not know it,’ Tavannes answered steadfastly.

M. de Biron relaxed the fixity of his gaze. ‘But you said that you had an object?’ he returned.

‘I had—in being the bearer of the message.’

What was it?’

‘My object? To learn two things.’

‘The first, if it please you?’ The Grand Master’s chin stuck out a little, as he spoke.

‘Have you in the Arsenal a M. de Tignonville, a gentleman of Poitou?’

‘I have not,’ Biron answered curtly. ‘The second?’

‘Have you here a Huguenot minister?’

‘I have not. And if I had I should not give him up,’ he added firmly.

Tavannes shrugged his shoulders. ‘I have a use for one, but it need not harm him,’ he said.

‘For what, then, do you need him?’

‘To marry me.’

The other stared. ‘But you are a Catholic,’ he objected.

‘But she is a Huguenot,’ Tavannes answered, smiling.

The Grand Master did not attempt to hide his astonishment.

‘And she sticks on that?’ he exclaimed. ‘To-day?’

‘She sticks on that. To-day.’

‘To-day? *Nom de Dieu!* To-day! Well,’ brushing the matter aside after a pause of bewilderment, ‘any way, I cannot help her. I have no minister here. If there be aught else I can do for her?’

‘Nothing, I thank you,’ Tavannes answered. ‘Then it only remains for me to take your answer to the King?’ And he rose politely, and taking his mask from the table prepared to assume it.

M. de Biron gazed at him a moment without speaking, as if he pondered on the answer he should give. At length he nodded, and rang the bell which stood beside him.

‘The mask!’ he muttered in a low voice as footsteps sounded without. And, obedient to the hint, Tavannes disguised himself. A second later the officer who had introduced him opened the door and entered.

‘Peridol,’ M. de Biron began—he had risen to his feet—‘I have received a message which needs confirmation; and to obtain this I must leave the Arsenal. I am going to the house—you will remember this—of Marshal Tavannes, who will be responsible for my person; and in the meantime this gentleman will remain here under strict guard in the south chamber upstairs. You will treat him as a hostage, with all respect, and will allow him to preserve his *incognito*. But if I do not return by morning light, you will deliver him to the men below, who will know how to deal with him—without instructions.’

Count Hannibal had made no attempt to interrupt the other, nor did he betray the surprise and discomfiture which he undoubtedly felt. But as the Grand Master paused, 'M. de Biron,' he said, in a voice harsh but low, 'you will answer to me for this!' And his eyes glittered through the slits in the mask.

'Possibly, but not to-day or to-morrow!' Biron replied, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously. 'Peridol! see the gentleman bestowed as I have ordered, and then return to me. Monsieur,' with a bow, half courteous, half ironical, 'let me commend to you the advantages of silence and your mask.' And he waved his hand in the direction of the door.

A moment Count Hannibal hesitated. He was in the heart of a hostile fortress where the resistance of a single man armed to the teeth must have been futile; and he was unarmed, save for a poniard. Nevertheless, for a moment the impulse to spring on Biron, to bear him to the ground, and with the dagger at his throat to make his life the price of a safe passage, was strong. Then—for with the warp of a harsh and passionate character were interwrought an odd shrewdness and some other things little suspected—he resigned himself. Bowing gravely, he turned with an assured step, and in silence followed the officer from the room.

Peridol had two men with lanterns in waiting at the door. From one of these the lieutenant took the light, and, with an air at once sullen and deferential, led the way up the stone staircase to the floor over that in which M. de Biron had his lodging. Tavannes followed; the two guards came last, carrying the second lantern. At the head of the staircase, whence a bare passage ran either way, north and south, the procession turned right-handed, and, passing two doors, halted before the third and last, which faced them at the end of the passage. The lieutenant unlocked it with a key which he took from a hook beside the doorpost. Then, holding up his light, he stood aside for his charge to enter.

The room was not small, but it was low in the roof, it was prison-like, it had bare walls and smoke-marks on the ceiling. The window, which was set in a deep recess, of which the floor rose a foot above that of the room, was unglazed; and through the gloomy, gaping orifice the night wind blew in, laden even on that August evening with the dank mist of the river flats. A table, two stools, and a truckle bed without straw or covering made up the furniture; but Peridol, after glancing round, ordered one of the men to fetch a truss of straw and the other to bring up a pitcher of wine. When they were gone Tavannes



and he stood silently waiting, until, observing that the captive's eyes sought the window, the lieutenant laughed.

'No bars?' he said, reading the other's thoughts. 'No, Monsieur, and no need of them. You will not go by that road, bars or no bars.'

'What is below?' Count Hannibal asked carelessly. 'The river?'

'Yes, monsieur,' with a grin, 'but not water. Mud, and six feet of it, soft as Christmas porridge, but not so sweet. I've known two puppies thrown in under this window that did not weigh more than a fat pullet apiece. One was gone before you could count fifty, and the other did not live thrice as long—nor would have that time, but that it fell on the first and clung to it.'

Tavannes dismissed the matter with a curt nod, and, drawing his cloak about him, set a stool against the wall and sat down. The men who brought in the wine and the bundle of straw were inquisitive, and would have loitered, scanning him stealthily; but Peridol hurried them away. The lieutenant himself stayed only to cast a glance round the room and to mutter that he would return when his lord returned; then, with a 'Good night' which died in his throat, and said more for his manners than his good will, he followed them out. A moment later the grating of the key in the lock and the sound of the bolts as they shot home told Tavannes that he was a prisoner.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### TOO SHORT A SPOON.

COUNT HANNIBAL remained in an attitude of thought, his chin sunk on his breast, until his ear assured him that the three men had descended the stairs which led to the floor below. Then he rose, and, taking the lantern from the table, on which Peridol had placed it, he went softly to the door, which, like the window, stood back in a recess—in this case the prolongation of the passage. A brief scrutiny satisfied him that escape that way was impossible, and he turned, after a cursory glance at the floor and ceiling, to the dark, windy aperture which yawned at the end of the apartment. Placing the lantern on the table, and covering it with his cloak, he mounted the window recess, and, stepping to the unguarded edge, looked out.

He knew, rather than saw, that Peridol had told the truth. The smell of the aguish flats which then fringed that part of Paris rose strong in his nostrils. He guessed that the sluggish arm of the Seine which divided the Arsenal from the Île des Louviers crawled below; but the night was dark, and it was impossible to distinguish land from water. He fancied that he could trace the outline of the island—an uninhabited place, given up to wood piles; but the lights of the college quarter opposite, which rose feebly twinkling, one above the other, to the crown of St. Geneviève, confused his sight and rendered the nearer gloom thicker and more opaque. From that direction and from the Cité to his right came sounds which told of a city still heaving in its blood-stained sleep, and even in its dreams planning further excesses. Now it was a distant shot, and now a faint murmur of voices on one of the bridges, or a far-off cry, raucous, sudden, which curdled the blood. But even of this, of what was passing under cover of the darkness, he could learn little; and after standing awhile with a hand on either side of the window he found the night air chill. He stepped back, and, descending to the floor, uncovered the lantern and set it on the table. His thoughts travelled back to the preparations he had made the night before with a view to securing Mademoiselle's person, and he considered, with a grim smile, how little he had foreseen that within twenty-four hours he would himself be a prisoner. At length, finding his mask oppressive, he removed it, and, laying it on the table before him, sat scowling at the light.

Biron had jockeyed him cleverly. Well, the worse for Armand de Gontaut de Biron if after this adventure the luck went against him! But in the meantime? In the meantime his fate was sealed if harm befell Biron. And what the King's real mind in Biron's case was, and what the Queen-Mother's, he could not say; just as it was impossible to predict how far, when they had the Grand Master at their mercy, they would resist the temptation to add him to the victims. If Biron placed himself at once in Marshal Tavannes' hands, all might be well. But if he ventured within the long arm of the Guises, or went directly to the Louvre, the fact that with the Grand Master's fate Count Hannibal's was bound up, would not weigh a straw. In such crises the great sacrificed the less great, the less great the small, without a scruple. And the Guises did not love Count Hannibal; he was not loved by many. Even the strength of his brother the Marshal stood rather in the favour of

the King's heir, for whom he had won the battle of Jarnac, than intrinsically; and, durable in ordinary times, might snap in the clash of forces and interests which the desperate madness of this day had let loose on Paris.

It was not the peril in which he stood, however—though, with the cold clear eye of the man who had often faced peril, he appreciated it to a nicety—that Count Hannibal found least bearable, but his enforced inactivity. He had thought to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, and out of the danger of others to compact his own success. Instead he lay here, not only powerless to guide his destiny, which hung on the discretion of another, but unable to stretch forth a finger to further his plans.

As he sat looking darkly at the lantern, his mind followed Biron and his riders through the midnight streets: along St. Antoine and La Verrerie, through the gloomy narrows of the Rue la Ferronnerie, and so past the house in the Rue St. Honoré where Mademoiselle sat awaiting the morrow—sat awaiting Tignonville, the minister, the marriage! Doubtless there were still bands of plunderers roaming to and fro; at the barriers troops of archers stopping the suspected; at the windows pale faces gazing down; at the gates of the Temple, and of the walled enclosures which largely made up the city, strong guards set to prevent invasion. Biron would go with sufficient attendance to secure himself; and unless he came into collision with the body-guard of Guise his passage would quiet the town. But was it certain that *she* was safe? Was it certain that if the attack which he had repelled were repeated his people would have the force to defeat it? He knew his men, and while he had been free he had not hesitated to leave her in their care. But now—now that he could not go, now that he could not raise a hand to help—the confidence which had not failed him in straits more dangerous grew weak. He pictured the things which might happen—things at which, in his normal frame of mind, he would have laughed. Now they troubled him so that he started at a shadow, so that he quailed at a thought. He, who last night, when he was free to act, had timed his coming and her rescue to a minute! Who had rejoiced in the peril, since with the glamour of such things foolish women were taken! Who had not flinched when the crowd roared most fiercely for her blood!

Why had he suffered himself to be so trapped? Why indeed? And thrice in passion he paced the room. Long ago

the famous *Nostradamus* had told him that he would live to be a king, but of the smallest kingdom in the world. 'Every man is a king in his coffin,' he had answered. 'The grave is cold and your kingdom shall be warm,' the wizard had rejoined. On which the courtiers had laughed, promising him a Moorish island and a black queen. And he had giped with the rest, but secretly had taken note of the sovereign counties of France, their rulers and their heirs. Now he held the thought in horror, foreseeing with clearness no county, but the cage under the stifling tiles at Loches, in which Cardinal Balue and many another had worn out their hearts.

He came to that thought not by way of his own peril, but of *Mademoiselle's*; which affected him in so novel a fashion that he wondered at his folly. At last, tired of watching the shadows which the draught set dancing on the wall, he drew his cloak about him and lay down on the straw. He had kept vigil the previous night, and in a few minutes, with a campaigner's ease, he was asleep.

It had turned midnight. About two the light in the lantern burned low in the socket, and with a soft sputtering went out. For an hour after that the room lay still, silent, dark; then slowly the grey dawn, the greyer for the river mist which wrapped that part in a clammy shroud, began to creep into the room and discover the vague shapes of things. Again an hour passed, and the sun was rising above Montreuil, and here and there the river began to shimmer through the fog. But in the room it was barely daylight when the sleeper awoke, and sat up, his face keen and expectant. Something had roused him. He listened.

His ear, and the habit of vigilance which a life of danger instils, had not deceived him. There were men moving in the passage; men who shuffled their feet impatiently. Had Biron returned? Or had aught happened to him? And were these men come to avenge him? Count Hannibal rose and stole across the boards to the door, and, setting his ear to it, listened.

He listened while a man might count a hundred and fifty, counting slowly. Then, for the third part of a second, he turned his head, and his eyes travelled the room. He stooped again and listened more closely, scarcely breathing. There were voices as well as feet to be heard now; one voice—he thought it was *Peridol's*—which held on long, now low, now rising into violence. Others were audible at intervals, but only in a growl or a bitter exclamation, that told of minds made up and hands which would

not be restrained long. He caught his own name, *Tuannes*—the mask was useless then! And once a noisy movement which came to nothing, foiled, he fancied, by Peridol.

He knew enough now. He rose to his full height, and his eyes seemed a little closer together; an ugly smile curved his lips. His gaze travelled once more over the objects in the room, the bare stools and table, the lantern, the wine pitcher; and beyond these, in a corner, the cloak and straw on the low bed. The light, still cold and grey, fell cheerlessly on the sparse dull furnishing, and showed it in harmony with the ominous whisper which grew in the gallery; with the stern-faced listener who stood, his one hand on the door. He looked, but he found nothing to his purpose, nothing to serve his end, whatever his end was; and with a quick light step he left the door, mounted the window recess, and, poised on the very edge, looked down.

If he thought to escape that way his hope was desperate. The depth to the water-level was not great; it did not exceed, he judged, twelve feet. But Peridol had told the truth. Below lay not water, but a smooth surface of viscid slime, here luminous with the floescence of rottenness, there furrowed by a tiny runnel of moisture which sluggishly crept across it to the slow stream beyond. This quicksand, vile and treacherous, lapped the wall below the window, and more than accounted for the absence of bars or fastenings. But, leaning far out, he saw that it ended at the angle of the building, at a point twenty feet or so to the right of his position.

He sprang to the floor again, and listened an instant; then, with guarded movements—for there was fear in the air, fear in the silent room, and at any moment the rush might be made and the door burst in—he set the lantern and wine pitcher on the floor, and took up the table in his arms. He began to carry it to the window, but, halfway thither, his eye told him that it would not pass through the opening, even as his hands told him that it was too solid to be shattered by one man. He set it down again and glided to the bed. Again he was thwarted; the bed was screwed to the floor. Another might have despaired at that, but he rose from it with no sign of dismay, and listening, always listening, he spread his cloak on the floor, and deftly, with as little noise and rustling as might be, he piled the straw in it, gently compressed the bundle, and, cutting the bed-cords with his dagger, bound all together with them. In three steps he was in the embrasure of the window, and, even as the men in the

passage thrust the lieutenant aside and with a burst of noise came down to the door, he flung the bundle lightly and carefully to the right—so lightly and carefully, and with so nice and deliberate a calculation, that it seemed odd it fell so far away as to be beyond the reach of an ordinary leap.

An instant and he was on the floor again. The men had to unlock, to draw back the bolts, to draw back the door which opened outwards; their numbers, as well as their savage haste to have their will of him, impeded them. When they burst in at last, with a roar of 'To the river! To the river!'—burst in a rush of struggling shoulders and lowered pikes, they found him standing, a solitary figure, on the further side of the table, his arms folded. And the sight of the passive figure for a moment brought them up.

'Say your prayers, child of Satan!' cried the leader, waving his weapon. 'We give you one minute!'

'Ay, one minute!' his followers chimed in. 'Get ready!'

'You would murder me?' he said with dignity. And when they shouted assent, 'Good!' he answered. 'It is between you and M. de Biron, whose guest I am. But'—with a glance which passed round the ring of glaring eyes and working features—'I would leave a last word for some one. Is there any one here who values a safe-conduct from the King? 'Tis for two men coming and going for one fortnight.' And he held up a slip of paper.

The leader cried 'To hell with his safe-conduct! Say your prayers!'

But on one or two of the crimson savage faces—the faces, for the most part, of honest men maddened by their wrongs—flashed an avaricious gleam. A safe-conduct? To avenge, to slay, to kill—and to go safe! For certain minds such a thing has an invincible fascination. One man thrust himself forward. 'Ay, I'll have it!' he cried. 'Give it here!'

'It is yours if you will carry ten words to Marshal Tavannes—when I am gone,' Count Hannibal answered.

The man's neighbour laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. 'And Marshal Tavannes will pay you finely,' he said.

But Maudron, the man who had offered, shook off the hand. 'If I take the message!' he muttered in a grim aside. 'Do you think me mad?' And then aloud he cried, 'Ay, I'll take your message! Give me the paper.'

'You swear you will take it?'

The man had no intention of taking it, but he perjured him-

self and went forward. The others would have pressed round too, half in envy, half in scorn; but Tavannes by a gesture stayed them. 'Gentlemen, I ask a minute only,' he said. 'A minute for a dying man is not much. Your friends had as much.' And the fellows, acknowledging the claim and assured that their victim could not escape, let Maudron go round the table to him.

The man was in haste and ill at ease, conscious of his evil intentions and the fraud he was practising; and at once greedy to have, yet ashamed before the others of the bargain he was making. His attention was divided between the slip of paper, on which his eyes fixed themselves, and the attitude of his comrades; he paid little heed to Count Hannibal, whom he knew to be unarmed. Only when Tavannes seemed to ponder on his message, and to be inclined to delay, 'Go on,' he muttered with brutal frankness; 'your time is up!'

Tavannes started, and let the paper slip from his fingers. It fell, and Maudron saw a chance of getting it without committing himself. Quick as the thought leapt up in his mind he stooped, he grasped the paper, he would have leapt back with it! But quick as he, ay, and quicker, Tavannes too stooped, gripped him by the waist, and with a prodigious effort, and a yell in which all the man's stormy nature, restrained to a part during the last few minutes, broke forth defiantly, he flung the ill-fated wretch head first through the window.

The movement carried Tavannes himself—even while his victim's despairing scream rang through the chamber—into the embrasure. An instant he hung on the verge; then, as the men, a moment thunderstruck, sprang forward to avenge their comrade, he leapt out, jumping for the struggling body that had just struck the mud, and now lay in it face downwards.

He alighted on it, and drove it deep into the quaking slime; but he himself bounded off right-handed. The risk and the peril were appalling, the possibility untried, the chance one which only a doomed man would have taken. But he reached the straw-bale, and it gave him a momentary, a precarious footing. He could not regain his balance, he could not even for an instant stand upright on it. But from its support he leapt on convulsively, and at the moment a pike, flung from above, wounded him in the shoulder, he fell his length in the slough—but forward, with his outstretched hands resting on soil of a harder nature. They sank, it is true, to the elbow, but he dragged his body forward on them, and forward, and freeing one by a last effort of



strength—he could not free both, and, as it was, half his face was submerged—he reached out another yard, and gripped a balk of wood, which projected from the corner of the building for the purpose of fending off the stream in flood-time.

The men at the window shrieked with rage as he slowly drew himself from the slough, and stood from head to foot a pillar of mud. Shout as they might, they had no firearms, and, crowded together in the narrow embrasure, they could take no aim with their pikes. They could only look on in furious impotence, flinging curses at him until he passed from their view, behind the angle of the building.

Here for a score of yards a strip of hard foreshore ran between mud and wall. He struggled along it until he reached the end of the wall; then with a shuddering glance at the black heaving pit from which he had escaped, and which yet gurgled above the body of the hapless Maudron—a tribute to horror which even his fierce nature could not withhold—he turned and painfully climbed the river-bank. The pike-wound in his shoulder was slight, but the effort had been supreme; the sweat poured from his brow, his visage was grey and drawn. Nevertheless, when he had put fifty paces between himself and the buildings of the Arsenal he paused. He turned and discovered that the men had run to other windows which looked that way; and his face lightened and his form dilated with triumph.

He shook his fist at them. ‘Ho, fools!’ he cried, ‘you kill not Tavannes so! Till our next meeting at Montfaucon, fare you well!’

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE BROTHER OF ST. MAGLOIRE.

As the exertion of power is for the most part pleasing, so the exercise of that which a woman possesses over a man is especially pleasant by nature. When in addition a risk of no ordinary kind has been run, and the happy issue has been barely expected—above all when the momentary gain seems an augury of final victory—it is impossible that a feeling akin to exultation should not arise in the mind, however black the horizon, and however distant the fair haven.

The situation in which Count Hannibal left Mademoiselle de Vrillac will be remembered. She had prevailed over him; but in return he had succeeded in bowing her to the earth, partly by

subtle threats, and partly by sheer savagery. He had left her weeping, with the words 'Madame de Tavannes' ringing doom in her ears, and the dark phantom of his will pointing her onward to an inevitable future. Had she abandoned hope, it would have been natural.

But Mademoiselle was of a spirit not long nor easily cowed ; and Tavannes had not gone from her half an hour before the reflection, that so far the honours of the day were hers, rose up to console her. In spite of all, of his power and her impotence, she had imposed her will upon his ; she had established an influence over him, she had discovered a scruple which stayed him, and a limit beyond which he would not pass. In the result she might escape ; for the conditions which he had accepted with so ill a grace, but which he had accepted, might prove beyond his fulfilling. She might escape ! True, many in her situation would have feared a worse fate and harsher handling. But there lay half the merit of her victory. It had left her not only in a better position, but with a new confidence in her power over her adversary. He would insist on the bargain struck between them ; within its four corners she could look for no indulgence. But if the conditions proved to be beyond his power, she believed that he would spare her : with an ill grace, indeed, with such ferocity and coarse reviling as her woman's pride might scarcely support. But he would spare her.

And if the worst befell her ? Even then she would have the consolation of knowing that from the cataclysm which had overwhelmed her friends she had ransomed those most dear to her. Owing to the position of her chamber, she continued in ignorance of the worst excesses to which Paris gave itself up during the remainder of that day, and to which it returned with unabated zest on the following morning. But the Carlats and her women learned from the guards below what was passing ; and quaking and cowering in their corners fixed frightened eyes on her, who was their stay and hope. How could she prove false to them ? How doom them to perish, had there been no question of her lover ?

Of him she sat thinking with solemn tenderness by the hour together. She recalled with pride the moment in which he had devoted himself and her to the death which came but halfway to seize them ; nor was she slow to forgive his subsequent withdrawal, and his attempt to rescue her in spite of herself. She found the impulse to die glorious ; the withdrawal—for the actor was her lover—a thing done for her, which he would not have

done for himself, and which she quickly forgave him. The revulsion of feeling which had conquered her at the time, and led her to tear herself from him, no longer moved her much; while all in his action that might have seemed in other eyes less than heroic, all in his conduct—in a crisis demanding the highest—that smacked of common or mean, vanished, for she still clung to him. Clung to him, not so much with the passion of the mature woman, as with the maiden and sentimental affection of one who has now no hope of possessing, and for whom love no longer spells life but sacrifice.

She had leisure for these musings, for she was left to herself all that day, and until late on the following day. Her own servants waited on her, and it was known that below stairs Count Hannibal's riders kept sullen ward behind barred doors and shuttered windows, refusing admission to all who came. Now and again echoes of the riot which filled the streets with bloodshed reached her ears: or word of the more striking occurrences was brought to her by Madame Carlat. And early on this second day, Monday, it was whispered that M. de Tavannes had not returned, and that the men below were growing uneasy.

At last, when the suspense below and above was growing tense, it was broken. Footsteps and voices were heard ascending the stairs, the trampling and hubbub were followed by a heavy knock; immediately the door was opened. While Mademoiselle, who had risen, awaited with a beating heart she knew not what, a cowed father, in the dress of the monks of St. Magloire, appeared in the doorway, and, crossing himself, muttered the words of benediction. He entered slowly.

No sight could have been more dreadful to Mademoiselle than this; for it set at naught the conditions she had so hardly exacted. What if Count Hannibal were behind, were even now mounting the stairs, prepared to force her to a marriage before this shaveling? Or to proceed, if she refused, to the last extremity? Sudden terror taking her by the throat choked her; her colour fled, her hand flew to her breast. Yet, before the door had closed on Bigot, she had recovered herself.

'This intrusion is not by M. de Tavannes' orders!' she cried haughtily. 'This person has no business here. How dare you admit him?'

But the Norman showed his bearded visage a moment at the door. 'My lord's orders,' he muttered sullenly. And he closed the door on them.

Mademoiselle had a Huguenot's hatred of a cowl; and, at present, her own reasons for fearing it. Her eyes blazed with indignation. 'Enough!' she cried, pointing to the door. 'Go back to him who sent you! If he will insult me, let him do it to my face! And if he will perjure himself, let him forswear himself in person. Or, if you come on your own account,' she continued, flinging prudence to the winds, 'as your brethren came to Philippa de Luns, to offer me the choice you offered her, I give you her answer! If I had thought of myself only, I had not lived so long! And rather than bear your presence or hear your arguments——'

She came to a sudden, odd, quavering pause on the word; her lips remained parted, she swayed an instant on her feet. The next moment Madame Carlat, to whom the visitor had turned his shoulder, doubted her eyes, for Mademoiselle was in the monk's arms!

'Clotilde! Clotilde!' he cried, and held her to him.

For the monk was M. de Tignonville! Under the cowl was the lover with whom Mademoiselle's thoughts had been engaged. In this disguise, and armed with Tavannes' note to Madame St. Lo—which the guards below knew for Count Hannibal's hand, though they were unable to decipher the contents—he had found no difficulty in making his way to her.

He had learned before he entered that Tavannes was abroad. Consequently he ran no great risk. But his betrothed, who knew nothing of his adventures in the interval, thought that he came to her at the greatest risk, across unnumbered perils, through streets swimming with blood. And though she had never embraced him save in the crisis of the massacre, though she had never called him by his Christian name, in the joy of this meeting she abandoned herself to him, she clung to him weeping, she forgot for the time his defection, and thought only of him who had returned to her so gallantly, who brought into the room a breath of Poitou, and the sea, and the old days, and the old life; and at the sight of whom the horrors of the last two days fell from her—for the moment.

And Madame Carlat wept also, and in the room was a sound of weeping. The least moved was, for a certainty, M. de Tignonville himself, who, as we know, had gone through much that day. But even his heart swelled, partly with pride, partly with thankfulness that he had returned to one who loved him so well. Fate had been kinder to him than he deserved; but he need not

confess that now. When he had brought off the *coup* which he had in his mind, he would hasten to forget that he had ever entertained other ideas.

Mademoiselle had been the first to be carried away; she was also the first to recover herself. 'Oh, I had forgotten,' she cried, 'I had forgotten,' and she wrested herself from his embrace almost with violence, and stood panting, her face white, her eyes affrighted. 'I must not! And you—I had forgotten that too! To be here, monsieur, is the worst office you can do me. You must go! Go, monsieur, in mercy I beg of you, while it is possible. Every moment you are here, every moment you spend in this house, I shudder.'

'You need not fear for me,' he said, trying to soothe her. He did not understand.

'I fear for myself!' she answered. And then, wringing her hands, divided between her love for him and her fear for herself, 'Oh, forgive me!' she said. 'You do not know that he has promised to spare me, if he cannot produce you, and—and—a minister? He has granted me that; but I thought when you entered that he had gone back on his word, and sent a priest, and it maddened me! I could not bear to think that I had gained nothing. Now you understand, and you will pardon me, monsieur? If he cannot produce you I am saved. Go then, leave me, I beg, without a moment's delay.'

He laughed derisively as he turned back his cowl. 'All that is over!' he said, 'over and done with, sweet! M. de Tavannes is at this moment a prisoner in the Arsenal. On my way hither I fell in with M. de Biron, and he told me. The Grand Master, who would have had me join his company, had been all night at Marshal Tavannes' hotel, where he had been detained longer than he expected. He stood pledged to release Count Hannibal on his return, but at my request he consented to hold him one hour, and to do also a little thing for me.

The glow of hope which had transfigured her face faded slowly. 'It will not help,' she said, 'if he find you here.'

'He will not! Nor you!'

'How, monsieur?'

'In a few minutes,' he explained—he could not hide his exultation, 'a message will come from the Arsenal in the name of Tavannes, bidding the monk he sent to you bring you to him. A spoken message, corroborated by my presence, will suffice: "*Bid the monk who is now with Mademoiselle,*" it will run, "*bring her*

*to me at the Arsenal, and let four pikes guard them hither.*" When I begged M. de Biron to do this, he laughed. "I can do better," he said. "They shall bring one of Count Hannibal's gloves, which he left on my table. Always supposing my rascals have done him no harm, which God forbid, for I am answerable."

Tignonville was delighted with his stratagem which the meeting with Biron had suggested. He could see no flaw in it. She could, and though she heard him to the end, no second glow of hope softened the lines of her features. With a gesture full of dignity and pathos, which took in not only Madame Carlat and the waiting-woman who stood at the door but the absent servants, 'And what of these?' she said. 'What of these? You forgot them, monsieur. You do not think, you cannot have thought, that I would abandon them? That I would leave them to such mercy as he, defeated, might extend to them? No, you forgot them.'

He did not know what to answer, for the jealous eyes of the frightened waiting-woman, fierce with the fierceness of a hunted animal, were on him. The Carlat and she had heard, could hear. At last, 'Better one than none!' he muttered, in a voice so low that if the servants caught his meaning it was but indistinctly. 'I have to think of you.'

'And I of them,' she answered firmly. 'Nor is that all. Were they not here, it could not be. My word is passed—though a moment ago, monsieur, in the joy of seeing you I forgot it. And how,' she continued, 'if I keep not my word, can I expect him to keep his? Or how, if I am ready to break the bond, on this happening which I never expected, can I hold him to conditions which he loves as little—as little as I love him?'

Her voice dropped piteously on the last words; her eyes, craving her lover's pardon, sought his. But rage, not pity, was the feeling roused in Tignonville's breast. He stood staring at her, struck dumb by folly so immense. At last, 'You cannot mean this,' he blurted out. 'You cannot mean, Mademoiselle, that you intend to stand on that! To keep a promise wrung from you by force, by treachery, in the midst of such horrors as he and his have brought upon us! It is inconceivable!'

She shook her head. 'I promised,' she said.

'You were forced to it.'

'But the promise saved our lives.'

'From murderers! From assassins!' he cried.

She shook her head. 'I cannot go back,' she said firmly; 'I cannot.'

'Then you are willing to marry him,' he cried in ignoble anger. 'That is it! Nay, you must wish to marry him! For, as for his conditions, Mademoiselle,' the young man continued, with an insulting laugh, 'you cannot think seriously of them. *He* keep conditions and you in his power! He, Count Hannibal! But for the matter of that, and were he in the mind to keep them, what are they? There are plenty of ministers. I left one only this morning. I could lay my hand on one in five minutes. He has only to find one therefore—and to find me!'

'Yes, monsieur,' she cried, trembling with wounded pride, 'it is for that reason I beg you to go. The sooner you leave me the better! The sooner you place yourself in a position of security the happier for me! Every moment that you spend here, you endanger both yourself and me!'

'If you will not be persuaded——'

'I shall not be persuaded,' she answered firmly, 'and you do but'—alas! her pride began to break down, her voice to quiver, she looked piteously at him—'by staying here make it harder for me to—to——'

'Hush!' cried Madame Carlat. And as they started and turned towards her—she was at the end of the chamber by the door, almost out of earshot—she raised a warning hand. 'Listen!' she muttered, 'some one has entered the house.'

'Tis my messenger from Biron,' Tignonville answered sullenly. And he drew his cowl over his face, and, hiding his hands in his sleeves, moved towards the door. But on the threshold he turned and held out his arms. He could not go thus. 'Mademoiselle! Clotilde!' he cried with passion, 'for the last time, listen to me, come with me. Be persuaded!'

'Hush!' Madame Carlat interposed again, and turned a scared face on them. 'It is no messenger! It is Tavannes himself: I know his voice.' And she wrung her hands. '*Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, what are we to do?' she continued, panic-stricken. And she looked all ways about the room.

(To be continued.)



